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The BOOKMAN

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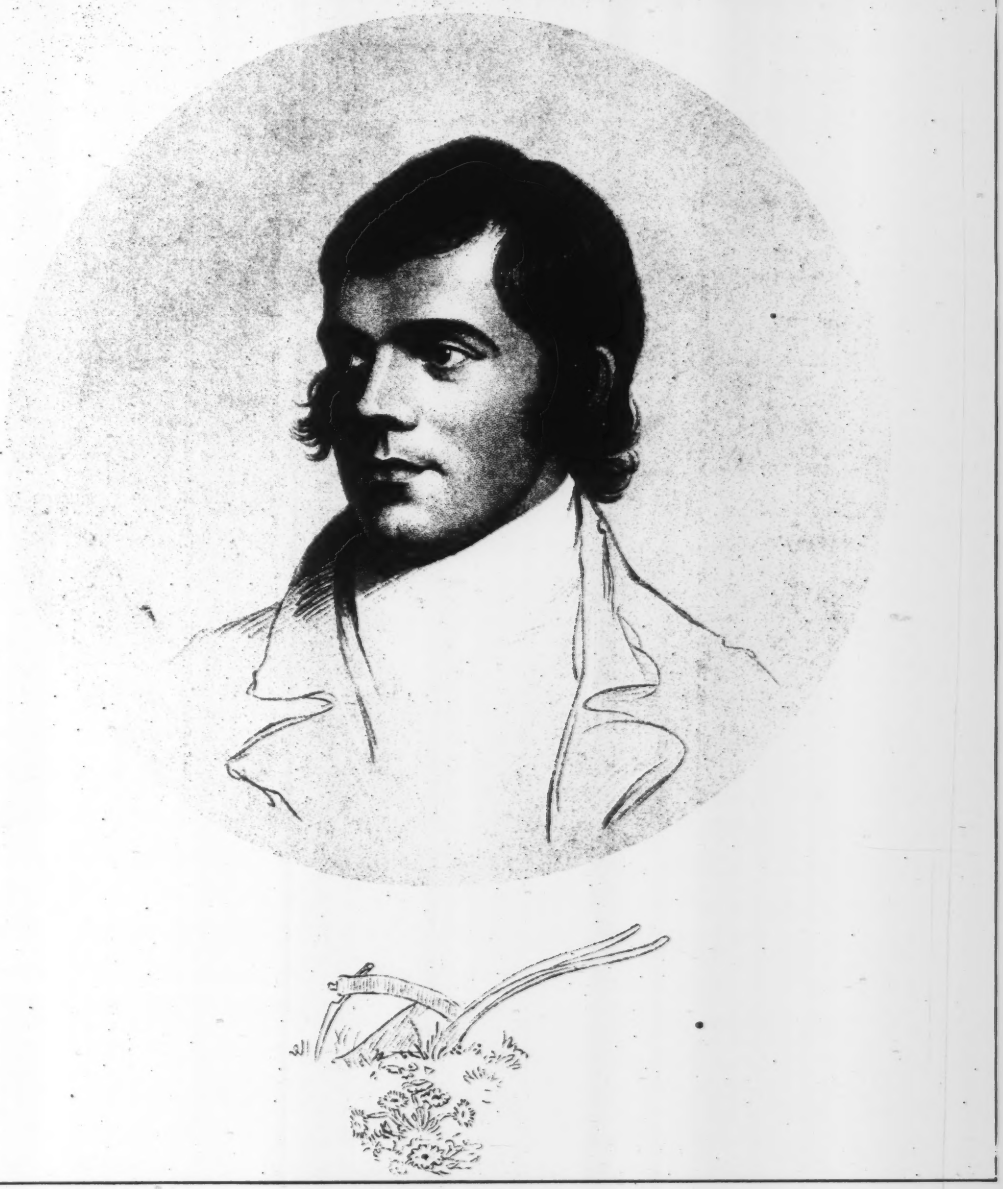

From a drawing by Archibald Skirving.

ROBERT BURNS.

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NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The October Bookman will contain a special article on "Some Russian Novelists," by George Sampson.

Two of the autumn's most important books, in widely different ways, will be Lord Morley's "Recollections," which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing, and the new biography of Keats on which Sir Sidney Colvin has for some time past been engaged.

Messrs. Macmillan will also issue shortly the first of a series of volumes in "A History of the French Novel," by Mr. George Saintsbury, the first volume bringing the record down to the end of the eighteenth century.

As a rule, our poets cut themselves off from one half of life in their verse and are afraid, or unable, to mix humour with poetry. Mr. C. J. Dennis, the Australian poet, who is the subject of an article in this Number, is one of the few exceptions; there is humour in the poetry and poetry in the humour of "The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke," and it is some proof that the world is glad to have it so that this book of his sold 55,000 copies during the first year of its publication, among a total population of six million, in Australia and New Zealand alone. At the end of a year and a half (down to March, 1917) the sales there had increased to 66,148. It is published in a large and in a pocket edition, both of which sell at four shillings each. In addition, there have been big sales of English, Canadian and American editions. This is a record in its kind and should encourage our poets to take themselves less solemnly and to realise that, now as when Chaucer was writing, humour has its place in real poetry as well as in real life.

Mr. Dennis's later book of poems, "The Moods of Ginger Mick," was published in October last, and by the end of last March had sold in Australia and New Zealand 42,349 copies. Arrangements are now being made for its publication in England, Canada and America.

"The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," a new novel by Mr. Henry Handel Richardson, whose

"Maurice Guest" attracted a good deal of attention some years ago, has just been published by Mr. Heinemann. The scene is laid in Australia half a century ago, and the story resolves itself into the study of a character at war with its environment.

Mr. John Drinkwater's new volume, "Prose Papers," a series of essays on poets and poetry, including a study of Rupert Brooke, will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews this autumn.

There is much of personal recollection and experience in Mr. Edwin Pugh's new book, "The Eyes of a Child," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have in the press. It is a series of stories and sketches of the psychology of boyhood.

"The Four Corners of the World," a book of short stories by Major A. E. W. Mason, and "Lord Tony's Wife," a new Scarlet Pimpernel romance, by the Baroness Orczy, will be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. They are issuing also "Flames in the Wind," a powerfully realistic novel of the Australian wilds by Helen Hudson, a new writer, and published last week "The Baked Bread," by the author of "Boy of My Heart," the story of a girl who did a wrong she could not undo, which takes its title from the proverb, "The baked bread can never get back to the dough."

About the time Lieutenant F. W. Harvey's first book of poems, "A Gloucestershire Lad," was published last autumn by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, he was taken prisoner by the Germans. He has since finished writing a new series of poems, the MS. of which the German authorities have allowed him to send home, and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are publishing his second book early in September under the title of "Gloucestershire Friends: Poems from a German Prison Camp." In 1895, before he obtained his commission, Lieutenant Harvey won the D.C.M. as a lance-corporal in the 5th Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment. "A Gloucestershire Lad" is now in its fourth impression.

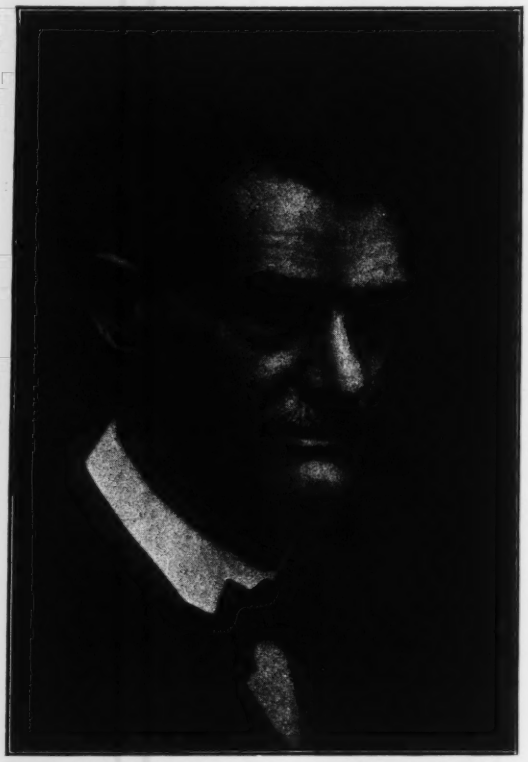


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Shan Bullock,**
whose new novel, "Mr. Ruby Jumps the Traces" (Chapman & Hall), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

A new novel by Miss May Sinclair, "The Tree of Heaven," the story of an everyday family, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Cassell, who announce, for this month, "A Castle to Let," a new novel by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

A capital collection of short stories is "Keep in the Bunch," by Henry Everard (1s. net., Holden & Hardingham). The book is just the right size to slip into the pocket, and its contents are just the right thing to make a long railway journey seem short. It has half a dozen illustrations by E. Mavrogordato.

A reply to the attack on Eton education, "Public School Education and the War," by T. Pellat (2s. 6d. net), has been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has written a sequel to his successful last-year's novel, "The Rise of Raymond," and under the title of "The Fall of Raymond," it is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Dent have published a new edition of William James's Ingersoll lecture, "Human Immortality" (1s. net), a book on the survival of personality "which takes the view of the philosophical layman rather than that of the dogmatic theologian." Messrs Constable have issued a pocket edition of the same book, without the Author's preface, at 7d.

Mr. G. Currie Martin has written a study of the democratic element in English verse from Langland to Edward Carpenter, and the book will be published shortly by Messrs. Headley Brothers, under the title of "Poets of the Democracy."

It is an open question whether it is possible now or even desirable to weed all words of foreign origin out of our language and replace them with their equivalents in good old Saxon-English. But C. L. D. thinks otherwise and has compiled an interesting and useful dictionary of "a few thousand stock loan-words," and has set by the side of each good

English words which may stand in their stead. His book, "The Word-Book of the English Tongue" (1s. 6d. net), is published by Messrs. Routledge.

Messrs. Dent will publish this autumn a new edition of "Pebbles on the Shore," that delightful book of essays by the well-known journalist who goes disguised as Alpha of the Plough. It will be specially illustrated by C. E. Brock.

Among the most interesting illustrations in Part VIII. of "The Western Front," which "Country Life" Limited is publishing for the Government (2s. net monthly), are Mr. Muirhead Bone's drawings of Vimy Ridge, the hill of Kemmel and the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge. Part II. of an edition de luxe of Mr. Bone's wonderful drawings for this series has just been issued at 10s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Marion Prys Williams, whose new novel, "Blodwen," Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are publishing shortly, comes of a literary family. Her great-great-grandfather published poems and essays as far back as 1761, and another ancestor, during the Napoleonic wars, wrote a book on "Quaker Campaigns in Peace and War," which had a considerable success in its day. Although "Blodwen" is only Mrs. Prys Williams's second novel (her first, "The Call of the Soul," was issued recently by the same publishers), she has been writing short stories and articles of Welsh life and character for several years past, and publishing them anonymously.

Mrs. Marion Prys Williams.

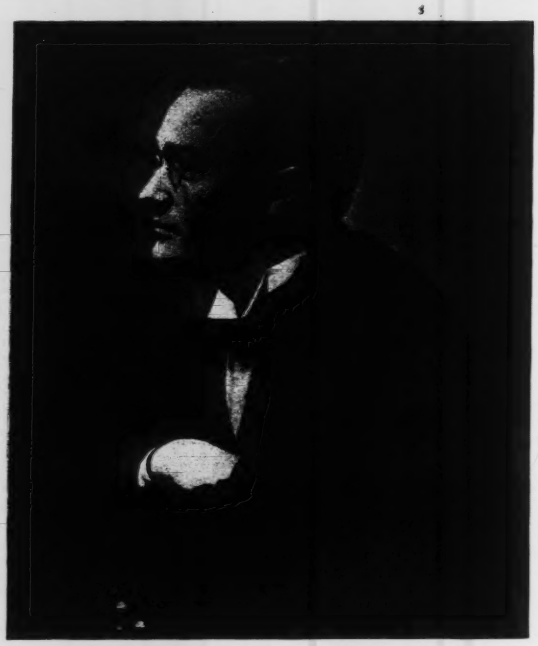
Photo, W. S. Stuart, Richmond. **Mr. Charles Murray,** whose new book of poems, "The Sough o' War" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

"Wynningford," a new novel by Dr. J. Morgan de Groot, will be published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. during September.

WAR BOOKS.

"Three Years War for Peace. By Basil Mathews. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) An eloquent and impressive restatement of what led to the war, and the story—succinctly and powerfully told—of the transformation that has taken place in Britain since she rose out of her state of unpreparedness and reorganised all her national life to meet the great crisis in which she was threatened with extinction. Mr. Mathews briefly outlines the progress of the war on land and sea, and brings you to the conclusion that "for the sake of the future of our Empire" we are bound to go on until we have achieved the victory for which so many of our sons and brothers have laid down their lives. An excellent summary of our war-story to date, and a heartening call towards the goal we must reach before we can safely think of peace.

"Towards the Goal." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. With a Preface by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.) Mrs. Humphry Ward here continues the work she began so admirably in "England's Effort."



Mr. Holloway Horn,
whose successful first novel, "The Folly of Innocence" (Westall), we reviewed last month.

and gives a spirited and very graphic account of a second visit she paid to the British front in France between March and June last. It is, as Mr. Roosevelt says in his preface, "a wonderful picture of the English in the full-tide of their successful effort." Added to this, Mrs. Ward describes the wanton ruin wrought by the Germans in Northern, Eastern and Central France, and records the evidence of eye-witnesses to the barbarous cruelty the Huns have meted out to the civilian populations of those desolated places. It is a valuable study in contemporary history and one that should be, as the preface has it, "an inspiration to constructive patriotism."

"Industrial Reconstruction." Edited by Huntly Carter. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.) Is a thoughtful and valuable symposium on the situation after the war and how to meet it. The contributors include over sixty well-known men and women representing Labour and Capital, professors of Political Economy and students of economics. Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc sound pessimistic notes, but the general outlook of the book is hopeful. It is impossible, of course, for even the wisest to know just what will be the situation after the war, but the whole subject is treated in a broad, reasonable spirit, and there is much that is far-seeing and helpfully suggestive in the tentative programmes that are laid down for rebuilding the world when peace returns to it.

"Is All Well With England?" By Marie Corelli. 6d. net. (Jarrold.) This is a welcome reprint of one of the ablest and most eloquent of the war articles Miss Marie Corelli has been contributing recently to the press. It touches on what was wrong with England in the days that are gone, and searchingly singles out signs that the country was sound at the core, and that, chastened and strengthened by the stern experiences it is going through, all will yet be right with it in the years that are coming. There is enough courage and confidence in the booklet to put heart into the feeblest of wobblers, and one hopes it may fall into the hands of such. They could not be given a better tonic.

"Slaves of the Sword, and Other Verses." By Samuel J. Looker. 3d. net. (C. W. Daniel.) Mr. Looker has a real feeling for natural beauty and is in closest sympathy with the sentiments, sorrows and aspirations of ordinary humanity. He is keenly sensible of the tragedy of the war, but some of the best of his verses are on subjects aside from that. There is a quiet charm in the simple lines, "To Basil, Aged Two Years," and he gives utterance to what all men think in their hearts in the "Lines to Death":

> "Think not, O Death, a coward's fear is mine,
> Or that I shrink from that dread touch of thine
> With terror drawn from any pain of flesh——"

and to the doubt that is at the root of their shrinking from the darkness. Some of the poems are faulty in finish, but the book is worth reading for what it has to say.

"Italy and the War." Translated from the Italian by Mrs. G. W. Hamilton. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons). Comprises ten essays, each written by a distinguished Italian university professor, giving from ten different points of view the cogent reasons which forced Italy to take part in the war on the side of France and her Allies. It vindicates Italy to the full in her secession from the Triple Alliance, and sets forth clearly and convincingly the national rights and ideals that Italy is bent upon realising.

"Gadgets." By Patrick Vaux. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) "Gadgets" is a name given to "anything, everything" connected with ships—"parts of mechanism—and so on. We're gadgets, too. Parts of the Naval Machine." And these stories are of what is being done by the ships that make up our fleet—from the battleship to those "brooms of the sea," the mine-sweepers—and by

all ranks of those who man them in these stirring days. They picture the life of the Navy as it could only be pictured by one who is living it. Mr. Vaux has a vigorous and strikingly realistic descriptive style; he is an emphatically good story-teller, and has many good stories to tell.

"The Coming Democracy." By Hermann Fernau. 6s. net. (Constable.) Anybody who is still in doubt as to who is responsible for bringing about the war, should read the first chapter of this book. Here he will find not theories or arguments but documentary evidence of the most indisputable character. Mr. Fernau who is himself a German (he is the author of that remarkable book, "Because I am a German") is a patriot in the true sense of the word—he loves his country, and is passionately desirous of seeing it free and honoured among nations and, to that end, is as passionately desirous of seeing its soulless, ruthless dynastic tyranny wiped out of existence. His masterly study of dynasties in general and especially of that of Germany resolves itself into a bitter protest against the wrong and misery inflicted on the many by the few who arrogate to themselves powers and privileges to which no man or class of men can have any just pretensions. He stands for the freedom of the individual and the right of every nation to control its own affairs—the only sane gospel that can be held by thinking men. He sees that Germany's defeat in this war will be her salvation. "If Bismarck," he says, "was not Germany's blunder, then he was Germany's fate. In these days, no Fatherland can be cemented by blood and iron." . . . "Away from Bismarck!" is his watchword, at the end. "Justice and liberty are the cement of modern Fatherlands. . . . Onward! —to Democracy. This will and must to-morrow be the battle-cry of Europe in general, and of Germany in particular. Away from Bismarck! Germany for the Germans!" He does not flatter England, but he is just to us, and he is enthusiastically just to France and all she has done in the service of Liberty. It is the fiercest indictment of the German dynasty that has yet been written, and the strongest *apologia* for the drilled, docile German people who are what the cunning and the tyranny of that dynasty and its creatures have made them.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MRS. C. L. ANTROBUS.

MRS. ANTROBUS, though possibly unknown to the great mass of readers of modern fiction, holds a very special and peculiar position among contemporary novelists. Like Thomas Love Peacock, she is read by those who possess a cultivated literary taste, and who appreciate her brilliant and humorous dialogue, giving constant evidence of wide and classical reading; her exquisite descriptions of scenery—particularly of woodlands; and, above all, her wistful presentment of the sad things of life, the delicate charm with which she transfigures sorrow and remorse, wan memories and death. Her literary qualities are thus often in startling antithesis: but the predominant trait is sorrow and tragedy. A reviewer, in *The Times*, of one of Mrs. Antrobus's books compared her to George Eliot, and the late Justin McCarthy, in an appreciative letter, said her work reminded him of Nathaniel Hawthorne's. Both comparisons are apt, but Mrs. Antrobus's literary ambit is distinctly original, and she has a gift of poetical allusion entirely her own.

Mrs. C. L. Antrobus.

As is generally the case with imaginative writers, the early environment of Mrs. Antrobus had a strong influence in developing her gifts and shaping her career as a writer. Her father was Newcome Rogers, of Grantham, a very clever surgeon; and through her mother, Margaret Hunnings, she is descended from many prominent Lincolnshire families, including the Newcomens, Ludlows, and Dymokes, and the Yorkshire Fitzwilliams and Wentworths. The Hunnings family preserved the peculiar custom of burying their dead at midnight by torchlight; John Hunnings, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Antrobus, was the last to receive this picturesque form of sepulture, at Whaplode, in 1801.

Clara Louisa Rogers was born at Grantham in a romantic old house, oak-panelled, and with a diversity of rooms, to enter which one either went up or down a few steps. She was scarcely three years old when her parents removed to Bowdon, in Cheshire. Here she grew up, and Bowdon and the surrounding lovely woods of Dunham Massey were indelibly impressed upon her vivid mind, and became the background of some of her finest imaginative work in later years. As she says of this little town on the Cheshire hill-side, "it was unique, an old-world place of green peace, of legend, yet with a continuous stream of the outer world's life flowing into it from Manchester." In the wonderful woods she learnt her love of nature and wild life; and from the natives of the countryside a vast store of legendary tales.

Her home in girlhood, up the hill of Bowdon, was a singularly happy one. Her father was a most versatile man. He was both a scholar and a sportsman, and a brilliant talker. He early instructed his daughter in astronomy (a science which often peeps forth in Mrs. Antrobus's stories), and long before she could read made her familiar with the poetry of Scott. Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and "The Arabian Nights" were her favourite reading in youth. Her mother was of artistic tastes and—that rare conjunction—an excellent housekeeper. There was much hospitality and much good conversation, for those were the days of comfortable leisure when people had time to talk and consider the great things of life and literature and art. This happy time for the future novelist came to an end in 1869, when Mr. Rogers died from injuries received in a railway accident. His daughter married in 1871 Arthur John Antrobus, an old playmate of former days, but she was left a widow in less than a year. She remained in Bowdon for some time afterwards; but eventually came to live in Fulham with her cousin, Miss Alice Hanslip, an artist, to whom two of her books were dedicated. For twenty-five years this devoted association continued, until broken by the death of Miss Hanslip in 1907. Since then Mrs. Antrobus has lived alone with memories.

Her first novel, "Wildersmoor," was published in 1895, and the locality of this grim story of moorland and murder may be said to lie not far from the coast line of south Lancashire. "Woffendale" is Manchester. There was a long interval before "Quality Corner" appeared in 1901. In this, her finest novel, Mrs. Antrobus describes with minute exactness her early home, Bowdon, under the name of "Ringway," and the beauty of the wild woods is limned with infinite art. "Quality Corner—A Study of Remorse" is a sad and tragic story, illumined though it is by scintillating dialogue and humorous observation. Mrs. Antrobus has a fine gift of "atmosphere." She can bind the thunder and the lightning to her purpose; a lowering and lurid sunset, a spring dawn, moonlight on a forest pool, wind in the woodlands, mist on the moorlands, are all intertwined and interplay with the thoughts and actions of her characters. In "The Stone Ezel" (1910) the author reached the height of her power in depicturing the glamour and romance of forest scenery. Her topography is not so exact here. The woods she describes are again those of Bowdon, but, more powerful than Canute, she has brought the sea to the edge of her valley. The little white house, "Lone Ends," she transplanted from Delamere Forest; the Ezel was compact of stories from other quarters; the legends were local; and all the characters were drawn from originals. There is an almost overwhelming sense of impending fate and tragedy in this book, for here again murder looms.

I have said it is the sad things of life that preoccupy predominantly the imaginative art of Mrs. Antrobus, and it is in her short stories that she is supreme in expressing the pathos of loss and regret, death and remorse, and wistful memories. Thirteen of her short stories were collected and published under the title of "The Wine of Finvarra" in 1902, and I have no hesitation in saying that they rank with the finest short stories in the English language. Five of them—the title tale, "The Two Twilights," "The Man from Stalybridge," "The Garden of Attalus," and "The Lyke-Wake"—though all of sombre cast are masterpieces of description and construction, and a consummate short story is far more difficult to achieve than a long novel. If any comparison is needed, they can be compared with the short stories of Thomas Hardy.

Mrs. Antrobus's method of writing is unusual. She begins a story at the beginning or the end (which sounds Hibernian)—that is to say, the middle portion is always composed last. Sometimes she writes the first chapter or the commencement of a short tale, and then passes to the denouement or close, working up from both ends till they meet in the middle, for, as she says, "I am most erratic as regards writing, and I cannot do it any other way. I have tried to be reasonable and go straight on—but I cannot." However, as the completed story is always a work of art, the means to the end are of little consequence.

Mrs. Antrobus preserves and practises the almost lost arts of conversation and letter-writing. Her letters and conversation possess many of the characteristics of her books—observation and descriptive power, particularly of Nature and scenery; they sparkle with allusive apt quotation and anecdote, and express a personality of rare distinction and charm.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE READER.

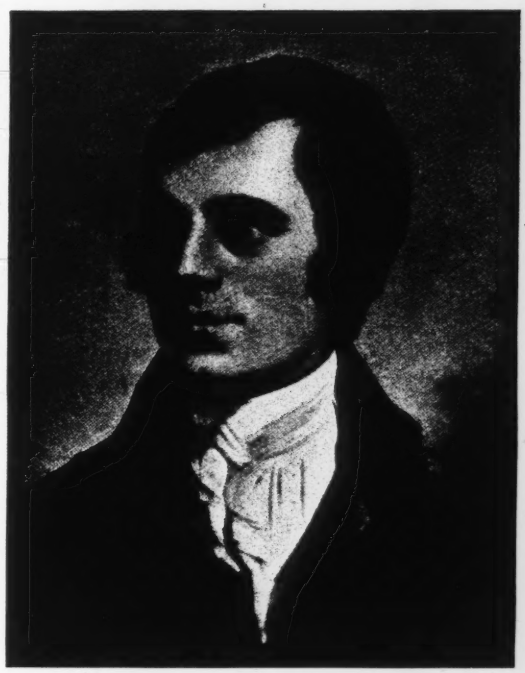
BURNS AND STOTHARD.

[Some discoveries now first given to the world, in the hope of tracing a lost and hitherto unknown series of sketches of "Burns People," drawn by Thomas Stothard, R.A., when he toured Scotland, specially to make these drawings, along with R. H. Cromek, editor of "The Reliques of Burns" (1808).]

By Davidson Cook.

IT was by digging in the oft-neglected mine of footnotes, that I unearthed a Burnsiana vein, which is sure to interest the Burns world and may merit some attention in Art circles. In W. Scott Douglas's 1877–1879 six-volume edition of Burns's Works, commenting on the "Elegy on Willie Nicol's Mare," he says: "The original manuscript of these verses, and relative letter, is now in the possession of Mrs. Warrington, at Worsborough Hall, near Barnsley, the granddaughter of R. H. Cromek."

Recently, in preparing an article on "The Editors of Burns," I found that no portrait of the editor of "The Reliques" had ever appeared. Anxious to fill the blank in the Burns Gallery, I remembered the footnote. Making inquiries, I found that the lady mentioned in the note was dead, but ultimately I managed to trace a son, Austin Warrington, Esq., to whom I appealed for any possible picture of his great-grandfather, Robert Hartley Cromek. Mr. Warrington very kindly favoured me with the loan of a volume, containing a pencil sketch of his ancestor, which served my purpose admirably.



Robert Burns.
From the painting by Alexander Nasmyth in the National Portrait Gallery.

To my surprise, I found that the volume was an unheard of MS. Memoir of R. H. Cromek (with unpublished correspondence), written by his son, Thomas Hartley Cromek, the well-known water-colour artist, and dated, "Wakefield, December 23rd, 1864."

Cromek, being an engraver, intimately associated with Blake, Stothard, Schiavonetti, and other artists of his day, this Memoir is naturally full of art interest, but for the moment that was not my quarry; knowing my man, I sifted the manuscript for references to Burns. His first tour in Scotland, in 1807, is dealt with, but "paper restrictions" compel us to pass on to his lesser-known tour in 1809, the year after the publication of "The Reliques." Stothard the artist was his companion on this second tour, but references to it in Burns literature are extremely scant. Almost the only known artistic fruits which have emerged are Stothard's "Illustrations of Burns's Works," engraved by R. H. Cromek, and published on January 1st, 1814. The twelve plates, issued to be bound with Cadell & Davies's 1813 "Edition of Burns," include the "clay biggin" and various *scenes* illustrating poems. However, this resurrected manuscript throws entirely new light on the obscurities of the Cromek-Stothard tour, and shows us that it was much more important than has ever been suspected.

Here is the first letter which begins to dispel some of the murkiness of a hundred years' oblivion:

(*To Thomas Bewick, Esq.*)

"London, 64, Newman Street,
"*June 25th*, 1809.

"Dear Sir,

"Had I not expected to have been in Scotland long ago, I certainly should have written to you before this. I thank you kindly for your exertions relative to my publication, 'The Grave,'; and if I could serve you here tenfold, be assured I should feel most happy to do it. I have now the pleasure to state that Mr. Stothard and myself will leave London for Scotland, on Thursday next. He most anxiously hopes, as I do also, that we shall make Newcastle on our way back, as he is very anxious to spend a day with so celebrated a genius as a certain gentleman I cannot just now name. I do not believe we can get our business done in Scotland in less than two months—as our tour will be very extensive. I will bring with me the small portrait of Cunningham. I beg my kindest respects to your good family, and Mr. Stothard joins me in same to you.

"I am, dr. sir,
"Your obt. hble. servt.,
"R. H. Cromek."

The next letter was written from the Thames off Gravesend:

(*To Mrs. R. H. Cromek.*)

"*June 29th*, 1809.

"———,

"I forgot to pack up any portraits of Dr. Currie. Desire Ann to look out for them; I think they are in the cupboard upstairs. Let about twelve be sent—two of them proofs.

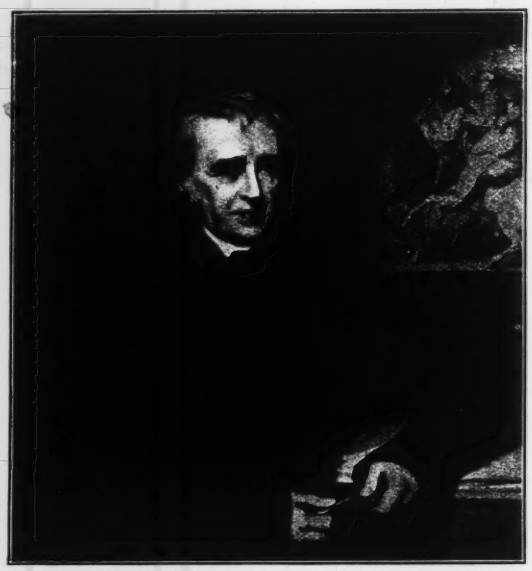
They must be put between two pieces of paste board, and tied tight, with silver paper between each, and sent to Constable's to-morrow, if you get this in time. . . . We have had an excellent cup of tea, enriched with a good deal of pleasantry, of which I partook as a man could partake who has left behind him the best mother and sister in the world, and a matchless wife and child.

"Direct the parcel to me at Constable's, Edinbro.

"R. H. C."

Note the portraits of Currie. Has any one got one of the proofs, or even one of the ordinary impressions? "Ann" is Cromek's sister, and becomes more important to us as we go on.

Cromek and Stothard arrived at Leith on July 7th, 1809, and it is nearly a month later before the correspondence gives us news of them again. Cromek's memorandum book notes that their mission was "to illustrate the writings of Burns"; and that the intervening month was fully occupied is witnessed by the next twin-letter to Cromek's wife and sister. This is the all-important one, and is calculated to transform all Burns collectors, enthusiasts, and students, into human marks of interrogation. It is without date, but bears the London postmark, August 7th, 1809:



Thomas Stothard.

From the painting by G. H. Harlow.

Reproduced from "Thomas Stothard, R.A.," by A. C. Coxhead, published originally by Mr. A. H. Bullen, and now by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

(*To Mrs. Cromek.*)

"MY DEAREST LOVE,

"I have purposely delayed writing till to-day, as I could not determine before when we should leave Edinb. We set off to-morrow's mail for Dumfries, where, if all be well, we shall arrive to-morrow night. I have thought it prudent to alter our route, on account of the precarious state of Mrs. Dunlop's health, who is between eighty and ninety, and may suddenly give us the slip.

"We shall therefore draw *Jean*, get done in Dumfries, and in Nithsdale, and go immediately down to Mauchline to Mrs. Dunlop, &c. I wish either you or Ann to write the day after you receive this, and direct 'Mr. Cromek, *care of Mr. James McClure, Dumfries.*' If we are gone it will be carefully forwarded. Let me know every particular about Maria. A letter from Mrs. Stothard gives good accounts of you. I am sorry to hear that my dear mother is but poorly. As for your loving husband he is very well, in very good spirits, and *pretty fat*. I never saw Mr. Stothard look better.

"You will be glad to hear that the undertaking is going on very well and successfully. We have been to Haddington, and met with the kindest reception from *Gilbert*. Fortunately the Poet's mother was there. In the portraits of Gilbert, and the old woman, Stothard has succeeded to *admiration*. She is the most delicate and interesting Sample of Human Nature that can be imagined. As for Jean, I do not doubt of her; and then the family will be secured, which is a grand object.

"We have now the portraits of Mrs. Burns (the mother), Gilbert Burns, Lord Woodhouselee, Miss Burnet, Mr. Gray of the High School, John Murdoch, Robert Burns, and Neil Gow, the celebrated fiddler—besides views of Roslin Castle, Roslin Chapel, Hawthornden, Edinburgh Town, two views up and down the High Street, a view of the house where Allan Ramsay kept his shop—the Castle, the ruin of St. Anthony's Chapel, above Holyrood House, and Ferguson's tombstone, erected by Burns, in the Canongate churchyard.

"From this statement, which I beg you to read, with my warmest wishes to my friend Hopwood, you will see we have not been idle. Mr. Stothard has also drawn a portrait of Constable, for which he charges ten guineas."

(*To his Sister.*)

'MY DEAR ANN,

"I wish you would go out to Mr. Schiavonetti, and see what he is about. I think it is very proper. Have you got any money for 'The Grave'?

"You will find the copper of 'Tam o' Shanter': I think the picture and proofs are with it. You will find also in the top drawer of the bookcase, on a slip of paper, a sketch of the head of 'Tam,' by Stothard. Give them to Mr. Cooper, and desire him to lay in the head very neat and carefully. Also to give character to the background, and cover the drapery of the figure, turning the lines well in as they approach the outline. Read this to him. . . . I gave old Mrs. Burns a £10 note, with which she was well satisfied, and I was also greatly gratified. . . . I shall write to Mr. Davies from Ayrshire, after I have seen Mrs. Dunlop. When you see Dr. Buchan, tell him I have bought Pennicuik's Poems for him. You will be surprised to hear that Burns has connected himself with a low bookseller in London—(Dirty Dick)—to edit a collection of Scots Songs, including two hundred of his father's—many of them the property of Cadell & Davies. Don't mention it."

It will be remembered that the Stothard "Illustrations of Burns," published in 1814, were *twelve scenes* taken from the poems. They are before me now, but not one of them can be connected with any of the drawings indicated in these letters. What, then, has become of all these "views" and sketches of "Burns People"? Does anyone know the whereabouts of any of them, or of any unknown, possibly nameless drawings, which Cromek's letter, and the more minute information given further on, would help to identify as the missing portraits and views?

And what about the copper of "Tam o' Shanter," and Stothard's head of "Tam," to say nothing of Cromek's "medallion of Dr. Currie," engraved in 1807? Where are they, and was any use ever made of them? Possible clues, and all helpful information and comments, will be thankfully appreciated, and gratefully acknowledged by the present investigator. The author of the "Cromek Memoirs" cannot help us greatly. He says:

"There are several portions of this letter which require elucidation. I regret I can throw but little light upon them. In the first place—I have never been able to ascertain the precise object my father had in view when he engaged Mr. Stothard to make all these drawings for him. I can only imagine that he contemplated the publication of a very complete series of illustrations to 'Burns's Works,' but which, from reasons unknown to me, was

never brought out. From his allusion to the one plate of 'Tam o' Shanter' it is evident that the set of twelve illustrations, published at a later period, was then in progress."

In a letter from Cromek to Bewick, dated December 20th, 1809, alluding to Stothard, he says: "He remained nine weeks in Scotland, and I was there thirteen." Stothard arrived in Scotland on July 7th, and in the letter postmarked London, August 7th, we have seen how much he accomplished in something less than a month. This suggests a proportion sum: if he did so much (specified) in a month, *how much* more (not specified) must he have done in nine weeks?

In the 1898 "Burns Chronicle" there is an allusion which dovetails into our story. It reads: "Interspersed through the Earnock MSS. are several water-colours by Stodhard (*sic*), among which is a sketch of the veritable plough used by the poet at Mossgiel." The sketch of the plough is reproduced, but the interesting words underneath are so minute that they almost escape notice. With a glass we read: "Sketch of the Plough with which Burns turned up the Mouse and the Daisy." The Earnock MSS. is Cadell & Davies's correspondence, and undoubtedly these water-colours are also part of the fruits of Stothard's tour in Scotland, and indicate that his itinerary included Mossgiel. The "&c." after Mrs. Dunlop's name is significant, and it seems obvious that if the sketches can be traced, they are likely to include many of the outstanding "Burns People" connected with the Dumfries and Ayrshire areas.

Cromek speaks of writing to Davies from Ayrshire. That letter is not in the MS. Memoir, but I find it figures in the Earnock Collection, and was published in the "Burns Chronicle" for 1899. It brings another bit of Burns country into our "brief," and suggests more Stothard "finds." Writing, not from Ayrshire, but from Glasgow, September 5th, 1809, Cromek, quite evidently referring to the "grand object," says that sanguine as their expectations were, their success was far beyond them. He mentions the kindness of Gilbert Burns, who "approved of the plan of illustration." He adds: "I am but just returned from the Highlands. As Mr. Stothard had completed his share of the undertaking, we parted on Friday last at Greenock, and he is on his way to England."

One wonders if at Greenock, Stothard sketched the grave of "Highland Mary."

Coming back to our Cromek MS. we are "all ears" to the Wakefield artist, when he tells us:

"Now with regard to the portraits: I had very frequent opportunities of seeing them almost daily, in the years 1833–34. They were all very highly finished pencil drawings, the heads being about 2½ inches long; and at these periods they were in the possession of a very near relative of my father's, between whom and my mother an estrangement of many years had existed.

"These drawings, and various other things, once belonging to my father, were withdrawn from his widow; and thus I had been deprived, most unjustly, of what was mine by inheritance. I will only add that, through my persuasion, based solely on selfish grounds on my part, a reconciliation took place, and by dint of clever manœuvring, I managed to obtain from my relative many interesting and valuable articles which had formerly been in my father's possession.

Gilbert Burns,
the Poet's brother.
From the Howie silhouette.

"The *Portraits* alluded to above, I never could persuade her to give me: where they are now, after her death and that of her husband, I know not, neither have I at present any means of ascertaining."

Obviously the "very near relative" was Cromek's sister Ann. Fortunately for our hopes of following

Robert Hartley Cromek,
Editor of "Reliques of Burns."
From a pencil sketch by T. H. Cromek, the water-colour artist, drawn as frontispiece for the unpublished Memoir referred to in Mr. Davidson Cook's article.

this master clue, Ann did not marry a "nobody." Her husband was John Black, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. The "Dictionary of National Biography" (Vol. V.) gives an interesting account of his career. The important points to us are that when he ceased to be editor in 1843, he had to sell his beloved books—30,000 volumes—and retired to Snodland, near Maidstone, where he died on June 15th, 1855. Ann was ten years older than Black, and most likely predeceased him, as the phrasing of T. H. Cromek seems to convey. The "Sketches," unless sold with his books, would probably be amongst Black's effects when he died. What happened then? Was there another sale, or did his belongings pass to Walter Coulson (*see* D. N. B.), the benefactor to whom he owed the use of the cottage at Snodland?

Black was a friend of James Gray of the High School, Edinburgh, the teacher of Burns's children in Dumfries. Two long letters from Gray to Cromek figure in the "Memoir." We must content ourselves for the present with one *vital* quotation. Cromek wrote confidently: "As for *Jean*, I do not doubt of her," but in a letter dated March 19th, 1810, Gray writes: "I saw Gilbert Burns a few days ago. He was sorry to learn that *Jean* had refused to sit to Stothard. He said he thought she owed this to Cadell & Davies; and had he suspected it, he would have written to her on the subject."

Though the writer of the "Memoir" says he could not ascertain why his father engaged Stothard to make these drawings, surely the fact that Gilbert Burns thought that *Bonnie Jean owed it to Cadell & Davies to sit to Stothard*, is a sufficient indication that the publishers were behind Cromek's scheme, and, to some extent, if not altogether, responsible for the ambitious tour. If confirmation were needed, it is supplied by the Glasgow letter; but why the illustrations actually used were restricted to twelve, and why the sketches of the Burns folk, including that "most delicate Sample of Human Nature," the poet's mother, never emerged at all, is a mystery which needs elucidation.

Further on in the MS. there is a letter from Roscoe to Cromek, dated October 24th, 1811, one sentence of which strengthens the idea that the "key" lies in the archives of Cadell & Davies, and implies that even at that date, the precise use to be made of the sketches, and the scope and extent of the projected publication, had not been defined. Roscoe queries: "Have you yet adjusted your plans with Cadell & Davies for the 'Illustrations of the Bard'?"

Possibly the fact that Cromek died soon after, in March, 1812 (at forty years of age—not forty-five as given in the "Burns Calendar"), nearly two years before the issue of the "Volume of Illustrations," may have some bearing on the mystery. Cromek may have magnified his mission, or Cadell & Davies may have "lost notion," and whittled down the "grand object" of the tour, the engraver's demise and preceding ill-health being factors, facilitating the emasculation of "the undertaking."

I do not know where the originals of the letters given in the "Memoir" are, but they were probably included in a lot which Mr. J. C. Ewing (Librarian of Baillie's Institution, Glasgow), the great Burns authority, informs me was offered for sale in Dowell's Auction Rooms, Edinburgh, on March 28th, 1887, and described as "Collection of Burns Manuscripts, and Other Documents relating to the Poet, made by Thomas H. Cromek (son of the Author of the Reliques) in one volume folio."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissible.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best greeting in not more than eight lines of original verse to a soldier home on leave.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Gertrude Pitt, of 8, Wyndham Crescent, N.19, and to E. K. Butler, of Little Aston Park, Streetly, Staffordshire, for the following:

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.

I know a little hidden glen across the shimmering seas:
And there a fairy fiddler
Weaves a web for my enchantment
Lovelier than a thrush's song, and softer than a breeze,

Making melodies—O magic of the bow upon the strings!
Till I must seek the Island
Of Dreams and golden glamour,
For he is calling, calling me to spread forgotten wings.

But ever when I reach the shore the glamour disappears:
His spirit still eludes me,
And he seems remote and alien,
And his melancholy music blinds me with a mist of tears.

Drearily the hours loiter, till the moon is out above,
When the sky's dear blue is sombre,
Like his eyes, profound and secret,
Yet I can see a little star, as lonely as my love.

And I cannot leave the Island: for ever I am fain
To follow when he calls me,
And plays upon my heart-strings—
O perfect rose of rapture! O mystic thorn of pain!

GERTRUDE PITT.

THE ROAD-MAKERS.

The place of their alien sepulchre the earth has forgot to keep,
And the tale of their lives and loves are lost in the urn where their ashes sleep,
But the youth and life they spent in the road are living in it to-day—
The broad road, the safe road, the Romans' straight highway.

When those that follow after us forget that we have died—
Forget the hopes we cut away to make their highway wide—
Forget the youth we spilled and spent, forget the toil of making—
Forget the strong, stout hearts that time was long, long months a-breaking—
Forget the workers' lives and loves and all they had to give—
We shall be deâd and buried, but our safe, straight road will live.

E. K. BUTLER.

We also select for printing:

COPHETUA.

I stand upon a high and windy hill;
Wide coloured lands lie stretched beneath my feet,
Sloping to where the earth and heavens meet,
And all are mine to wander where I will.

Mine is this peace which lies too deep for words;
For me the fields display their wealth of gold;
For me the trees mysterious session hold
And mine to hear the gladness of the birds.

But to the threshold of that other land,
Your spirit's regionless, uncharted home,
Knowing no power nor property I come,
Quickened with wonder, yet abashed I stand.

Humble as one who sues for sanctuary,
Heedless of this bright outward world, to find
Within the quiet reaches of your mind,
Beauty unclaimed and holier mystery.

(Ruth Varian, 82, Greyhound Lane, Streatham, S.W.16.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent by V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Rachel Swete Macnamara (New Milton), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Gipsy Scott Foster (Southsea), R. C. L. (Bromley Common), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), Eric Chilman (Hull), B. E. Stevens (Washford), Honor Drury (Streatham), Dorothy L. Warne (Ramsgate), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Bevan Dawes (Birkdale), E. Leslie Gunston (Reading), Ivan Adair (Dublin), M. R. Measures (Dorchester), C. E. S. (Glasgow), Frances Patton (Antrim), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Mabel E. Godley (Birmingham), D. H. Colbourne (Leamington Spa), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Lily Gordon Ascher (London, W.), K. (Catford), Patricia E. H. Dyer (S. Shields), Winifred W. Kershaw (Southport), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Alberta Vickridge (Bradford), Roland Goodchild (Beckenham), Campbell Roper (Seaton), E. A. Scrutton (Newport), Anna Walker (Sleights), Frank Hedden (Lambourn), Alice Wise (Leicester), Percival Hale Coke (Scarborough), Doris Dean (Bromley), E. H. (Ormskirk), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup), Marion Michell (Stamford Hill), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), A. M. Nadin (Tenby), G. B. Charlton (Hounslow), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Amy M. Edwards (Wisbech), E. R. L. (Durham), W. H. Smith (Great Crosby), Irene Leese (Leamington), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), D. F. Slade (Devizes), L. A. N. Nugent (London, S. W.), Doris Hateley (Walsall), Sadie C. Clay (Wakefield), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Doris C. M. Winter (Croydon), H. Lawrence (Bath), Bertram Pickard (Mansfield), Bessie Clough (Norwich), Norman J. Bickle (Plympton St. Mary), Enid D. Woolbright (Chelsea), Brenda Duncan (Croydon).

Mrs. Dunlop and Elizabeth Burnet,

who with Gilbert Burns and the Poet's mother were portrayed by Stothard in a series of unpublished and undiscovered drawings of notabilities in the Burns circles of Ayrshire, Edinburgh, Nithsdale, and the Highlands.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Nancy Taylor, of Portobello, Grove Hill, Woodford, Essex, for the following:

WHAT LIES BENEATH. By BENJAMIN SWIFT. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Upon my solemn word,
I have never, never heard."
GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

We also select for printing:

A FIGHT TO A FINISH. By S. GERTRUDE FORD. (Daniel.)

"We found to our surprise,
One pint of buttons, two big knives,
Some whiskers and four eyes."
ROBT. H. NEWELL, *A Great Fight.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

THE CHIEF LEGATEE. By ANNA K. GREEN. (Nash.)

"Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him."
LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha.*

(D. P., Hillsboro', Collett Road, Ware.)

SECOND THOUGHTS. By RHODA BROUGHTON. (Macmillan.)

"He thought he saw a banker's clerk descending from a bus;
He looked again and saw it was a hippopotamus."
CARROLL, *Sylvie and Bruno.*

(Miss D. Johnson, Stocks Lane, Penketh.)

THE GAY LIFE. By KEBLE HOWARD. (John Lane.)

"Waiter, draw the cork."
WILLIAM COWPER, *Hope.*

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, Whitby, Yorks.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief quotation in verse or prose that would serve as a motto for civilians under an air-raid is awarded to Edith Thomas, of Braeside, Batheaston, Bath, for the following:

"There is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcase, has most time to consider others."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We also select for printing:

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene 2.*

(Dilys Thomas, 298, High Street, Bangor, N. Wales.)

"Clamber you not up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public streets."
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 5.*

(Helen C. Stone, 53, Quadrant Road, Thornton Heath.)

From the large number of mottoes received we select for special commendation the twelve sent by Mrs. Barns Graham (Blansfield), M. Baldwin (Colchester), G. M. Bedells (Betchworth), Winifred Parker (Matlock), May Dunne (Glenageary), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), M. Rourke (Manchester), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Pauline Marshall Hill (Doncaster), M. M. S. Lucas (St. Leonards), S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), E. M. Johnson (Warrington).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Vincent Hamson, 107, Denmark Street, Bedford, for the following:

AKBAR, THE GREAT MOGUL, 1542–1605.

By VINCENT SMITH. (Clarendon Press & Milford.)

A comprehensive and carefully compiled biography of an interesting and many-sided man, who is for many reasons the greatest of the Mogul emperors. If only for the seeds of religious toleration which Akbar sowed in his daring change of policy from fanatical Mohammedanism to universal toleration, he deserves to stand as one of the great subjects of history. But, energetic and courageous as he was, he did much more to win a foremost place in the annals of the world. All that he did and the man's attractive personality Mr. Smith traces faithfully and well.

We also select for printing:

ZELLA SEES HERSELF. By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Heinemann.)

In this book not Zella only but a fair portion of the rest of humanity may see themselves. Zella, with her adaptability and her sense of the dramatic which lead her continually to attitudinise (whom we "do not like any the less for being true to type"), does and says things which are daily done and said by folk desirous of pleasing or of creating interesting situations. Zella, her surroundings, her friends and relations, especially the by no means obviously amusing Mrs. Lloyd-Evans, are real and energetic creations of one who has "the disconcerting peculiarity of being absolutely sincere."

(E. Wilkie, 3, Nyanza Terrace, Swansea.)

THE TRANSACTIONS OF LORD LOUIS LEWIS. By ROLAND PERTWEE. (John Murray.)

This collection of stories, nine in number, deal with the experiences of a wealthy collector in his never-ending search for art treasures. The relations between the reader and Lord Louis in imagination are not intimate, and in only two stories, "The House at Bath" and "The Thirteenth Chair," does Mr. Pertwee write with that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. The author apologises for this example of episodic literature, against which he thinks there is a popular prejudice. We beg to differ and sincerely hope we have not heard the last of this engaging aristocrat.

(Frederick Willmer, Rose Lea, Mayhill, Ramsey, Isle of Man.)

MISS HAROUN AL RASCHID.

By JESSIE DOUGLAS KERRUISH. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Suppose one, almost weary of examining a splendid building in detail, turned back for a last look and beheld it in all its beauty as a whole: the pleasure felt would be somewhat similar to that experienced in reading the concluding chapters of this novel. Up to a certain point the skilful narrating of the heroine's adventures impressed most—they are not merely realistic but realisable. The ending, however, shows this book to be no mere string of adventures splendidly told, but a well constructed novel, without any of the usual surplusage.

(Francis Blake Kelly, 16, St. Joseph's Avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin.)

We specially commend the reviews sent by B. M. Searle (Upper Holloway), Chas. Louis Clare (Yokohama), M. Baldwin (Colchester), Private H. E. Leeds (Salthouse), Edna V. Rowlingson (Bishop's Stortford), E. Bendorffe (Chorlton-cum-Hardy), Grace Gordon Webb (Southam), M. A. Newman (Brighton), William Sinclair (Birmingham), Edith Beechey (Pentre), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Edith M. Glaister (Banbury), E. Waugh (London, N.W.), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), J. Sturges (Walton-by-Clevedon), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), M. B. Isett (Braunton), Elsie B. Granville (Finsbury Park), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Mrs. Monypenny (Crouch End), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Maud Montagu Bruce, Catholic Women's Soldiers' Hut, Codford, Wilts.

C. J. DENNIS AND HIS POEMS.*

By WILLIAM CANTON.

MR. DENNIS does not let the grass grow under his feet. "The Moods of Ginger Mick" followed hard on "The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke," and now in his retreat at Toolangi in the Victorian bush, he is giving the final touches to his new poem, "The Glugs of Gosh." Toolangi is a paradise on the summit of the Main Dividing Range, a mountain paradise of tree-ferns, giant timber, and clear streams; far enough from the bustle, noise, and party interests of Melbourne, but not too remote for visits to and from friends in the capital. On the red roads one meets now and again a bullock-team, but a week may pass without sight of a settler or an old-time woodman. On the hill-tops in winter falls the enchantment of the snow, which is only a legend on the plains. In the spring (in September) "boronier an' dafferdils" and wattle bloom bring back the golden days men recall in the trenches.

Photo by F. Monteath, Melbourne.

Mr. C. J. Dennis.

Here, if you are lucky, you may chance on the poet himself, carpentering, or writing on some huge stump left by the saw-millers, or in the green light of the tall gums landing trout or blackfish from the Yea river. A tall, lightly-built but well-strung man, with dark hair, open brow, aquiline nose, and eyes looking alert through the glasses of his pince-nez. Round his clean-shaven mouth curve the lines which tell of humour and the ready smile; and as the lines deepen, a twinkle lights up the slate-grey eyes.

It was at Toolangi that most of the "Sentimental Bloke" and a good deal of "Ginger Mick" were written. After being declined in Melbourne, the former was published in Sydney by Messrs. Angus & Robertson, on October 16th, 1915. Early in 1916 it had run into its fifteenth thousand; September 1st found the poet penning a charmingly modest and quaintly rueful preface for the fifty-first thousand; and the twelve-months closed with a sale of 55,000. No wonder that Australia was swept with enthusiasm, that a special Anzac edition was required, that congratulations, thanks, good wishes, reached author and publishers from all manner of English-speaking people, and among the warmest from scores of British men and women of letters. Even now, after a third reading, one can hardly speak of the poem with moderation. Its amazing "colloquial Australian" (thanks for the Glossary!)—the slang of many yesterdays now grown the popular speech of city and bush, mine-lands and sheep-runs—proves itself the right medium. Its realism is final. It is apt for all moods. And it sings.

This love-story of a Melbourne larrikin and his factory girl is, in a way, every one's love-story; but where else, and with such poetic mastery, such delightful portraiture, such humour and tenderness, such surprises in things old and glamour in things common, is it packed into 114 pages? I do not know. "All the bouquets have been thrown," but one likes to recall the Bloke longing for the girl he must have known a hundred years ago—Doreen, whose very name is a spell. What an evening was that at the theatre; and whoever gave so hilarious an account of "Romeo and Juliet"? The Bloke's truculent jealousy brings the first trouble, but the incident passes quickly into comedy. And how Dickens would have relished the visit to the tearful lady, Doreen's "Mar," the interview with the lovable old "Pilot Cove," and the amazing marriage, at which the best man, Ginger Mick, distinguishes himself!

Then the old lure is felt. For a moment the Bloke slips back into the larrikin life; there is a night in the gambling-den, and a home-coming in the grey dawn.

"She never moved; she never spoke no word;
That 'urt look in 'er eyes, like some scared bird:
'''Ere is the man I loved,' it seemed to say. . . .
Jist two months wed! Eight weeks uv married bliss
Wiv my Doreen, an' now it's come to this!
Wot wus I thinkin' uv? Gawd! I ain't fit
To kiss the place 'er little feet 'as been!"

As wise as she is sweet, Doreen comes, a ministering angel, and wakens him.

"''Ere, Kid, drink this,' she sez, an' smiles at me.
I looks—an' spare me days! It was beef tea!"

What a wife! Beef-tea!—and the Bloke breaks down utterly.

Uncle Jim appears as fairy godmother, and spirits them away to a little fruit farm. These are idyllic days. There's a secret whispered in the night, that sets his heart singing "like a flamin' lark." A time

* "The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke" and "The Moods of Ginger Mick." By C. J. Dennis. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson.—London Agents: The Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.)

Photo by F. Monteath, Melbourne. **Mr. Hal Gye,**
the illustrator of "The Sentimental Bloke."

comes when he is allowed into a hushed room, holding his breath and walking on his toes:

"She looks so frail, at first, I dursn't stir.
An' then, I leans acrost an' kisses 'er;
An' all the room gits sorter blurred an' dim . . .
She smiles, an' moves 'er 'ead. 'Dear lad! Kiss 'im.'"

"The Moods of Ginger Mick" (Ginger Mick, hawker of wild rabbits and a memorable best man) was published on October 10th last year. Within a week the sales exceeded 24,000 copies. All the fine qualities of "The Bloke" appear in this sequel. It has not the universal intimate appeal of the love-story; no, but its aim is beyond words greater. This is the war-song of the Dominion—the song of splendid children dying in defence of the old home of the race, the song of class barriers broken down, a song of sacrifice and regeneration. The larrikin forgets his old-time rancour, and worships the "toff" who is a comrade, "white from cap to boot"; the toff, who wears perjarmers and cleans his teeth, lies out all night beside him, eases his wounds, gives him water while himself goes dry.

And the fun, the gallantry, the tenderness of it all! In its pages the folk at home hear the boys singing, singing, on the troopship, in the train, amid the mud and death of the trenches; and the very souls of them are singing "when they gits the tip to go." In its pages the boys overseas get glimpses of Collins Street and Rundle Street and all the streets of Australia, of the bush and the wattle bloom and the golden days; and of something never noticed before—

"A sort o' somethin', Mick, upon each passin' face,
A sort o' look that's got me beat; a look that you put there,
The day ye lobbed upon the beach an' charged at Sari Bair."

Readers must go to the book for the stirring narrative. Mick, who heard that call which is "older than the hills," the call of the Cave-men scrapping with rocks, the call of the Crusaders in their tin suits—Corperil Mick, "wiv pretties on his arm," meets his death like a gallant gentleman, takes the fag from his laughing mouth to say, "Look after Rose!" and is gone. The dying soldier's hope and prayer, "Look after Rose!"

In these poems, with all their fine achievement, the overtopping qualities are their spiritual vision and their immense brotherliness. These should carry the poet far; to see truly and to love greatly are this day more than ever the light and the power needed in the world.

Clarence James Dennis is still young and a bachelor. One of a family of boys, he was born at Auburn, South Australia, in 1876. His father was a retired sea-captain who had taken to hotel-keeping. His mother, Katherine Tobin—much younger than her husband—was born in Australia, shortly after her people migrated from the old Catholic town of Killaloe. They removed to Laura in the great horse-country, and the child grew up a devourer of books and a worshipper of racers. At six he wrote his first verses; at eight the dream of his life was to be a jockey. His dream has come true, but his mount has wings. He was educated chiefly at the Christian Brothers College, Adelaide, where his literary gifts were encouraged, and Hood became his favourite author. In those years he lost his mother, but the old sea-captain lived on to be eighty-five.

In 1894 he obtained a junior clerkship with a leading firm of wool-brokers and stock-agents. He bought "David Copperfield" and another book by Dickens

C. J. Dennis's house at Toolangi, Victoria.

out of his first week's pay; but as the manager and he differed about the value of "King Solomon's Mines" as a standard work for office hours, they parted, and Clarence went to help his father at Laura. At twenty-one he read Kipling's poems, and snatched up his pen with hopes of a new El Dorado. His verses were welcomed and paid for by the Adelaide *Critic*; better still, the editor, Alfred McKain, grew interested, and in 1898 Dennis joined the paper.

A year later the spirit of adventure took him to the Broken Hill silver region, New South Wales. He arrived with less than the lucky half-crown in his pocket; worked as miner, carpenter, railway-navvy, photographer's canvasser, insurance agent; and saw life with those slate-grey eyes very wide open. It was a hard life; and hunger and thirst nearly brought it to an untimely close. He and a comrade were picked up by a Good Samaritan in the salt bush, on the way to Poolamacca, and brought back to Broken Hill.

C. J. Dennis
at Toolangi (March, 1917).

He returned to the *Critic*, succeeded his old friend as editor, and when the paper changed hands, started the *Gadfly*, an illustrated threepenny weekly, with a brilliant staff of contributors. That sparkling insect flitted to Japan, the Cape, Great Britain, but it was too giddy for the austerity of Adelaide. The venture had been made on £150 of capital, and from the second issue the *Gadfly* was in straits; but oh, the comedy, the hilarious spirits, the good stories of those impecunious days!

An attempt to remove it to Melbourne failed. From Melbourne Dennis visited Toolangi, was enchanted with the place, bought a derelict saw-mill hut, made himself a banjo, and settled down to work. That banjo, fashioned of blackwood, galvanised iron, the skin of a cat, and the sinews of a wallaby, had in its tone the very soul of the bush made vocal. It preluded the music of the Australian colloquial.

The bulk of Dennis's output at first was political verse, which brought him a charming interview with the Prime Minister. Then the "Doreen" poems appeared in the *Bulletin*, and knitted a close friendship between him and Mr. J. G. Roberts, the Victorian bibliophile. At Mr. Roberts's country house in the Dandenong range "The Sentimental Bloke" was completed, and about this time appeared the "Backblock Ballads," a volume of collected verse.

A little before "The Bloke" was published, Dennis received an appointment in the Navy Office, Melbourne. He was transferred, as a confidential secretary, to the Federal Attorney-General's Department; but official claims had to give way to the call of the bush and the pressure of his proper work, and he resigned. "Ginger Mick" was finished in a private hospital at Melbourne during his recovery from a serious tram accident. The Censor struck out one section of the book; but some day that poem may yet take its place in the series.

And those "Glugs of Gosh"? . . . Worse luck, I have already overrun my space; but here, anyway, is a poet to have "for keeps," and a man to love.

TOLSTOY'S DIARY.*

By Robert Birkmyre.

TOLSTOY, the least self-revealing, least subjective of Russian writers, left a Diary among his miscellaneous posthumous writings, a first instalment of which has just been published in Russia. We do not exactly envy M. Tchirkoff, who has been at such pains to make Tolstoy the Diarist clear and intelligible. There is nothing here of the pleasing tittle-tattle of Pepys; nothing of Evelyn's grace and charm; nothing, naturally, of the *espièglerie* of Rousseau. "Tolstoy's Diary" adds a little more perhaps, but not much, to what we already know of the great Slav; and the five fruitful years reflected here (1895–1899) were dark and vague, and clouded with visions. There is still much in Tolstoy's character that is problematical: he is still a splendid enigma. There can be no doubt, though, that he was terribly in earnest in these later ideals, when he renounced art and turned from the glare of social life to the inner life of the spirit in his supreme effort to throw himself and his past vain ideals from the pedestal of mere worldly glory.

The Diary not only reflects a period of transition, but of sheer divergence. The brilliant ideals of his romantic youth had now merged into a system of cold ethics, and the change that was wrought in him and his attitude towards his work are clearly marked in the following passage:

"I have just come from a walk," he writes, "and now understand why quite clearly I could not make any

* "Tolstoy's Diary (1895–1899)." Edited by M. Tchirkoff. 1 rouble. (Moscow.)

progress with 'Resurrection.' I ought to have begun from the lives of the peasants. They are the real subject, all the rest is a negative shadow."

The same note is struck with an even deeper poignancy when he looks round and sees the misery at his own door:

"I went yesterday to Baburino and involuntarily—for I rather avoided than looked for them, met Akim, the octogenarian who was ploughing the field. Yaremichev's wife has not got a fur coat and only one *kaftan*; Marya's husband has died of cold, and there is no one to cut the corn, and the child is dying of hunger, while Trofim and Khaliavka, husband and wife and children, all dying. . . . While we are discussing Beethoven. I prayed God to release me from this life; and pray again and cry from pain. . . . I abhor myself and my life."

This transitional cleavage not only led Tolstoy away from the vanities of art, but even from life itself, in spite of his desire to get down to the level of life. No sooner had he decided to lead the life of the peasant than he gradually lost touch with actualities, and his imagination suffered. He began to write parables instead of novels; but there was more "purpose" than imagination in them: they were no longer winged with inspiration. We are lost in a maze of misunderstanding when we contemplate Tolstoy in the rôle of peasant-apostle of Yasnaya Polyana. We try to sympathise with his spiritual pangs, but somehow or other they fail to touch us because they do not seem to touch the heart of the writer. Tolstoy's mood is a familiar one to those who know Russia and the Russians. We understand this passage well:

"I have often wanted to suffer and be persecuted. This means that I was lazy and didn't want to work, but wanted others to work for me by tormenting me whilst I would merely suffer. . . . I can imagine one's thoughts centred to such an extent in the life of the spirit that the pains of the body are met with joy."

One cannot help feeling somehow that there is more of the "mania of persecution" in this than the real breath of religion; or at least the "mania" of martyrdom. Tolstoy was in many ways a noble and disinterested Christian, but at the same time he stoops to consider the mere "compensations" for his sufferings, although there are moments when he rises to serene and lofty heights of abnegation. This is the prevailing mood of the Diary. Here is a thought not only characteristic of Tolstoy, but characteristically Slav:

"One of the most poignant moral sufferings is the lack of understanding of you by other people. When one feels hopelessly lonely with one's thoughts the consolation is that what is not understood by other people is understood by God."

The shortcomings of the Tolstoyan creed is summed up in his own personal interpretation of the familiar tenet of Christ as to loving one's enemies:

"Love for an enemy is hard and seldom succeeds like everything that is really fine. On the other hand, what a happiness when one does succeed. There is a wonderful sweetness in it; even in the foretaste of it; and this sweetness is in inverse ratio to the attractiveness of the object of one's love—the spiritual voluptuousness of loving one's enemies."

We are on firmer ground when he touches on questions of art—here at least there is no room for remote speculation. We are no longer dealing with the "dark forest" of the Russian soul, but with the common freemasonry of thought and idea that needs no interpretative effort or conjectural strain. There are noble thoughts scattered up and down the Diary, but they must be diligently sought for, and winnowed from the chaff. We are humbly glad to think that Tolstoy was a pioneer in a favourite wish of ours, namely, the wish to see the cosmopolitanism of art and letters freed from the schools and the coteries, a bourneless thing, whose only nationality is truth. Tolstoy understood this well; it is a thought often expressed in the Diary. Here are some of his ideas on this great question:

"The idea of all art should be to attain a universal accessibility, while on the contrary we witness just the reverse. Art, especially music, seeks rather affected nicety. . . ."

"The highest state of perfection in art is its cosmopolitanism, but instead of this we are growing more and more exclusive. Art if not individual to nations is individual to classes."

Occasionally, when his thoughts do not soar into cloudy abstractions, they become telling aphorisms, clear and luminous, particularly when he lets his mind dwell on art and letters. Some of these sayings are worth noting and remembering: they fly at once to the understanding:

"Great art is only produced when the artist is searching and aspiring."

"Art originated from play, and so continues to be the plaything of grown-ups."

"All that counts are thoughts. Thoughts are the beginning of everything. Thoughts rule."

To vary the fare, we should like to quote a letter from Tolstoy, given in the Diary in reply to a letter from a correspondent in Holland, as to how a young man shall act, who is the sole support of an aged mother, when called to the colours. We do not pretend to be able to follow Tolstoy's trend of thought, so it will be no comfort or shield for the non-combatant. We rather think Tolstoy, who was a soldier in his youth, was also a militant Christian:

"Once a man has understood and convinced himself that his real welfare and the welfare of his eternal life, the one that is not affected by this world, consists in the fulfilment of the will of God, then no considerations of any kind could force such a man to act contrary to his true welfare. If there is any inner struggle, and if, as in the case you mention, family considerations take overhand, then it only proves that the doctrines of Christ have not been understood, and only adopted by those who follow them: it only proves that he would like to appear a Christian, when in reality he is not one."

Tolstoy is too near our own times for us to form a complete or final judgment of him; and with those ideas that moulded his private life and coloured his inner thoughts we have less concern than with the ripe fruits of his creative genius. The Diary is a passing commentary, a by-product of the spirit; a too intimate and sacred confessional for critical comment. Tolstoy lives in the trilogy, "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina" and "Resurrection." It is here that the "Great Writer of the Russian Land," as he is called in Russia, has revealed himself and will be understood and remembered: the Diary only helps us a little to see over his shoulder.

XUM

New Books.

JACK OF AYLESBURY.*

This is, beyond all question, the most valuable work which Mr. Bleackley has published. It fills an important gap in the large library of Georgian biographies, for, tempting as the subject must have been to many authors, no one, since Almon, has attempted to write the life of Wilkes, though Mr. Fraser Rae's interesting volume, "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox," must not be forgotten. It may be that no one has essayed the task because of the almost overwhelming mass of material, which might well appal any student less indefatigable than Mr. Bleackley. Mr. Bleackley says that a very accurate biography of Wilkes could be written from the information which can be derived from contemporary newspapers alone. He has indeed examined the files of at least one daily paper from the year 1760 until the death of Wilkes. This, however, has been but a small part of his labours. He has ransacked the treasures of the manuscript departments of the British Museum and the Guildhall, and many papers in the Record Office; and he has been so fortunate as to acquire a large packet of letters written by Wilkes and members of his family, which contains valuable information. Wilkes is mentioned in practically every volume of memoirs and in every collection of correspondence written during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and, of course, in every book written about that period. "It may be said of Wilkes," Mr. Bleackley says, "that his life is a history of the period." This is undoubtedly true, and, in a way, it is unfortunate for the biographer that the politician's career is so well known and that little remains to be added to our general knowledge of a man who bulked so largely in the public eye. We owe, however, a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bleackley for presenting Wilkes in the proper perspective, for filling in many important details in the story, and for correcting errors into which other and less painstaking authors have fallen. Mr. Bleackley has done all this admirably, and has weaved his material with true literary skill.

* "The Life of John Wilkes." By Horace Bleackley. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

John Wilkes.

From a drawing by Richard Earlam in the N.P.G.
From "The Life of John Wilkes," by Horace Bleackley (John Lane).

Wilkes is a figure who was not only notorious in his own day, but has become one of the landmarks in English history. He did things as well as talk about them, and, because of this, attracted more attention than many a greater man, such as, for instance, Burke, who talked and wrote, but was not at all a man of action. The biography of Burke, however informing it may be, can scarcely be other than dull, but that of Wilkes must have in it a savour of romance. Every one of us in our youth, whether a little Liberal or else a little Conservative, has thrilled at the story of Wilkes, with the cap of Liberty nailed to his flagstaff, defying King and Court and Parliament. He was the hero of his hour, and for the glory of romance, the pity is that, his hour over, he did not die. At the age of forty-seven he was Lord Mayor of London. Five years later, after more than one unsuccessful contest, he was elected the City Chamberlain, and, in the comfort born of that snug post, he survived until his seventieth year, not the world forgetting, but, to a great extent, by the world forgot.

In this volume one may read of Wilkes's amours, and he fancied himself as an amorist, not without some grounds for this complaisancy; and of the orgies of the Monks of Medmenham, which were so crude that it is difficult to believe that educated men could have found pleasure in them. That he was more rather than less responsible for the "Essay on Women" there is no room for doubt, Wilkes's own confession being reprinted by Mr. Bleackley, though his brother-rake, Thomas Potter, had a hand in that very dull and disgusting production, which, however, was only meant for the delectation of his intimates. He had the vices of his age in a liberal quantity, but if he had his faults he had also his virtues. He married for money and was a bad husband, but he was a loving father and a loyal friend.

As a politician he had a love of liberty, which brought him into bad odour in many quarters, but he always fought fairly, though he hit hard, he never lost his sense of humour, and he never bore malice. Mr. Bleackley is no hero worshipper, and though he writes with sympathy, he does not claim for Wilkes that he was either a great conqueror or a great martyr, but he writes:

> "Had Wilkes been born fifty years later his liberal ideas must have given him an important place in the government of his country. Or, if the great Reform Bill had been passed half a century earlier, it is certain he would have taken a high position among the statesmen of his time, in spite of his show of insincerity and lack of skill in debate. No general can win a decisive battle whose soldiers do not possess weapons as effective as those of the enemy, and the majority of Wilkes's troops were not armed with the vote."

It is as a demagogue he is best known, but there was much truth in his *mot* that he was not a Wilkite. He used the mob, but assuredly he had no respect for it, though he may have been willing enough to assist in bettering its condition. He was a man of fashion, a *bon vivant*, a wit: he had little in common with the great majority of his supporters. When Major Scott was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons to be reprimanded, Wilkes congratulated the culprit. "When the Speaker has finished," h

e

advised him, "abuse them all confoundedly, and then you will be sent to Newgate or to the Tower, and then you can be Member for Middlesex or Westminster, whichever you like."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

NO MAN'S LAND.*

Nothing will help so much towards making this the last of the world's wars as the books that are being written by some of the men who are fighting in it. Aforetime, the bulk of the nation knew nothing more of what was happening in a war than they could gather from formal official reports, the highly-coloured descriptions of war-correspondents who were more concerned with the glory of the thing than with the horror of it, or from the memoirs of old officers whose narratives were often vivid enough in what they told of stirring or heroic incidents, but never went inside or behind them—never realised the inner significance of it all, and revealed what war meant to the minds as well as to the bodies of the men who died in battle or came out of it alive. It is a real gain to the cause of humanity that such a man as "Sapper" should have gone down into the inferno of Armageddon. He is an acute observer, with a sense of humour and an imaginative sympathy that enables him to see things in their due proportions and really to understand what he has seen. In war, it is not the looker-on who sees most of the game. It needed a man who had been into the worst of it and come out again to give us the true picture with all its grim humour, hardship, terror, its squalid brutality, and what it evoked of human pity and courage and self-sacrifice. In his three earlier books "Sapper" has done this triumphantly. He does it, too, in "No Man's Land," and here his hand is surer, his insight deeper, his powers more matured. He blends the comedy and tragedy of it as deftly as ever; his quaint humour, like that of the fighting-men, is continually breaking through in the darkest places and saving them from becoming intolerably dark; and everywhere there is an underlying philosophy—not of the complacent theoriser, but the dour philosophy of the men themselves, who realise the savagery and stupidity of much that they are doing, and yet as clearly realise that there is no other way of getting it done, the world and its peoples being what they are. As "Sapper" has it in one of his tales, "Over the Top":

"It is well, without doubt, that the lower the intelligence the less the imagination. To ninety per cent. of these men the situation lost much of its edge; to the remaining ten the edge was sharpened. What is to be is to be, in war as elsewhere. Fatalism as regards one's own prospects is inevitable; essential. But fatalism is an unsatisfying creed; the word 'Why?' is apt to creep into the back of a man's mind, and the word 'Why?' when the intelligence is low, is a dangerous one. For the word 'Why?' can only be satisfactorily answered by the realisation of the bigness of the issue; by the knowledge that individual effort is imperative if collective success is to be obtained; by the absolute conviction that no man can be a law unto himself. To the ten per cent. these facts were clear; but then to the ten per cent. the 'Why?' was louder. The factor of their composition which said to them 'Why?'—clearly and insistently—even as they lay motionless under their coats or outwardly wrangled for bacon or tea—that very factor supplied the answer.

"To the thinkers and dreamers there comes at such times the greater knowledge: the knowledge which lifts them above self and the trivialities of their own lives; the knowledge that is almost Divine. They appreciate the futility—but they realise the necessity. And in their hearts they laugh sardonically as the shadow of Dream's End clouds the sky. The utter futility of it all—the utter necessity now that futility has caught the world. Then they realise the bacon is cold—and curse."

There is a note in this same tale for those of us at home who talk pessimistically about the stagnation of things at the front, and grumble over our breakfast that there is nothing in the paper, as usual:

"Nothing, my friend! I wonder. . . . This is not a story; there is no plot; it is just what happens every day somewhere or other in the land of glutinous, stinking mud, where the soles are pulled off a man's boots when he walks, and horses go in up to their bellies; where one steers a precarious and slippery course on the narrow necks of earth that separate shell holes, and huddled things stare up at the sky with unseeing eyes. They went 'over the top' themselves ten days ago in just such another local success. Nothing, my friend! Perhaps you're right; it's mainly a sense of proportion that is needed in war, as in other things."

"No Man's Land" is in four parts: 1, "The Way to the Land," telling of certain men of the Old Army, and the keenness with which they hastened to rejoin when the war began; 2, "The Land," eight vividly dramatic stories, serious and humorous, of the things that happen when you get there; 3, "Seed Time," nine stories of how Reginald, late of Moggs's Mammoth Emporium—terms Strictly Cash, now of the New Army in France, is hammered into as fine a soldier as any of the old order; and 4, "Harvest," a brief looking-forward to the good that should come out of all this evil. If the book were not so leavened with buoyant laughter and the tricksiest spirit of fun the sense of tears in it would be unendurable.

"If I have made war a hideous thing—unredeemed, repulsive," says "Sapper," "the picture is not consciously exaggerated. As far as in me lies I have drawn the thing as I have seen it."

And you would have known this, even if he hadn't said it; the strength of the book is in that. He puts no gloss on the naked ugliness of war, but he bares the souls of the fighting-men also and shows them neither godlike nor fiendlike, but wonderfully and incurably human still, in spite of the welter of inhumanity in which circumstances have engulfed them. It is not only the best of his own books—it is the best book of war stories I have read, and I have read most of them.

H. H.

* "No Man's Land." By "Sapper." 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

J. C. SQUIRE'S POEMS.*

This book will astonish and delight even those who know and admire Mr. Squire's previously published poems. To those who have read nothing of his serious work it will be the means of revealing a new poet. It must be rare, if not unique, for a writer to excel as a parodist and as a poet, but Mr. Squire shows that it is not an impossible feat. Both as a writer of excellent parody, upon which by the way he seems to set but little value, as a satirist of unusual spirit, and as a poet in the highest sense of the word, has he proved his gifts. So varied is his work that it suggests at first sight that of a dual personality, though on reflection it is obvious that only an acute critic with a sensitive ear for rhythm could have captured the lilt and mannerisms of the poems which he burlesques.

One will find neither satire nor comedy in "The Lily of Malud," which is, we believe, a pure effort of the imagination. It is, however, difficult to realise that Mr. Squire is really unfamiliar with the tropical scenery and atmosphere which he depicts so convincingly. In the prologue to this wonderful poem, full of forest magic, he reveals how the inspiration came to him to write it:

"With my sleeping beloved huddled tranquil beside me, why do I lie awake,
Listening to the loud clock's hurry in the darkness, and feeling my heart's fierce ache
That beats one response to the brain's many questionings, and in solitude bears the weight
Of all the world's evil and misery and frustration, and the senseless pressure of fate?

"Is it season of ploughing and sowing, this long vigil, that so certainly it recurs?
Is this unsought return of a pain that was ended, is it here that a song first stirs?
Can it be that from this, when to-night's gone from memory, there will spring of a sudden, some time,
Like a silver lily breaking from black deadly waters, the thin-blown shape of a rhyme?"

This poem, then, which was composed during the watches of the night, describes the journey along the skirts of a tropical forest with its dense velvet darkness and the

* "The Lily of Malud, and Other Poems." By J. C. Squire. 1s. net. (Martin Secker.)

moon's glare, of a group of girls moving, almost as in a trance, to witness the blossoming of a wonderful lily. The story is condensed in the opening lines :

" The lily of Malud is born in secret mud.
It is breathed like a word in a little dark ravine
Where no bird was ever heard and no beast was ever seen,
And the leaves are never stirred by the panther's velvet sheen.

" It blooms once a year in a summer moonlight,
In a valley of dark fear full of pale moonlight :
It blooms once a year, and dies in a night,
And its petals disappear with the dawn's first light ;
And when that night has come, black small-breasted maids,
With ecstatic terror dumb, steal fawn-like through the shades
To watch, hour by hour, the unfolding of the flower."

" The Lily of Malud " judged by its length is the most important poem in this slender book, but it by no means exhausts its interest. Every piece in the collection discloses a character and beauty of its own.

" To a Bull-Dog " is a monologue (I almost said " a colloquy," it is so realistic) addressed by the author to his dog on the death of a friend at the war. It is so vivid that one pauses in reading it for the first time from a sheer incapacity to go on. There is nothing about the war in these lines, but it echoes the reflections most of us have had when we realise that we shall never again see some friend who has gone out to fight.

Here are two verses from this poem :

" We shan't see Willy any more, Mamie,
He won't be coming any more :
He came back once and again and again,
But he won't get leave any more.
* * * * *
" And though you run expectant as you always do
To the uniforms we meet,
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
In even the longest street."

In " Paradise Lost " we find much the same theme, but this time it is of lost childhood. It is an old theme beautifully and originally treated, which concludes with these lines :

" Childhood will not return ; but have I not the will
To strain my turbid mind that soils all outer things,
And, open again to all the miracles of light,
To see the world with the eyes of a blind man gaining sight ? "

There is one piece only in this collection which has appeared before, namely, " The March." This noble poem, one of the best poems inspired by the war, was originally printed in a little volume restricted to a limited issue. There is a haunting beauty in the piece entitled " Behind the Lines " :

" The wind of evening cried along the darkening trees,
Along the darkening trees, heavy with ancient pain,
Heavy with ancient pain from faded centuries,
From faded centuries. . . . O foolish thought and vain !

" O foolish thought and vain to think the wind could know,
To think the wind could know the griefs of men who died,
The griefs of men who died and mouldered long ago :
' And mouldered long ago,' the wind of evening cried."

The human interest which is never absent from poetry that possesses any vitality is strongly marked throughout Mr. Squire's verses. It is simply there because it forms a part of his mental outlook. It is never dragged in for effect, studied effect being, I should say, the last thing it would occur to him to try and produce.

ROGER INGPEN.

FATHER STANTON.*

Poverty and doubt are among the two disciplines of most men who have exercised the kind of influence over their fellows which the Rev. Arthur Stanton wielded at St. Albans. Few come to religious power without some measure of one or of the other. But Father Stanton enjoyed neither. He belonged to a prosperous family. He never knew any difficulty about ways and means. And he does not seem to have passed through any theological stress. " Il faut etre prêtre ou soldat," said Anatole France, " pour ne pas connaitre les angoisses du doute." Even the priesthood does not always stifle intellectual uncertainties. It would be a bad thing both for the priesthood and for knowledge if it did. Still, the ordinary priest and the common soldier are generally better not to think much about the orders they get ; for their own peace of mind and efficiency they do well to ask as few questions as possible. The remarkable thing about Father Stanton, however, was that he found his power as a preacher no less than as a priest. He declares that he could not have remained within the Church of England had he not been able to do so as a priest, and one of the most moving items in this biography is the evidence of his hold over all sorts and conditions of men as their spiritual confessor. But his oratorical gift was as great, if not more impressive. Mr. Russell goes the length of saying that it " was perhaps his most conspicuous endowment, and in direct work for souls it found its natural and adequate outlet." His sermons at St. Albans made him known far beyond the bounds of his own communion.

" For fifty years a crowded and sympathetic congregation enjoyed his originality, his dramatic power, his ringing scorn against injustice and hypocrisy, his noble and contagious enthusiasm for the Religion of the Cross and all that it implies."

Yet behind this there does not seem to have lain any strenuous grappling with the serious problems that were vexing the mind of his generation in the realm of thought and belief. There was not even any crisis in his personal life, like conversion. His preaching owed its thrill to a simple devotion to the person of Jesus Christ. He knew his English Bible thoroughly. He had a handsome presence and a good voice.

" Prose-writers he scarcely ever quoted, but he was extremely fond of quoting poetry, good and bad, and hymns, which, though not always poetical, were, when he declaimed them, extremely impressive. The constant—indeed the invariable—topics of his preaching were sin and forgiveness : the love of God towards the sinner, and the sinner's need of the cleansed heart ; the guaranteed access to the Lord through the Sacrament of the Altar, and the reverent love due to the Blessed Mother of God. ' People,' he would say, ' who are not Marian are often Arian.' "

What lay behind this influence was temperament. Stanton showed no power of mind at school or at college. His housemaster at Rugby spoke of him as " one of the most stupid boys who ever left Rugby," and even at Oxford he did not wake up. He was a religious young churchman, not interested in games or in the schools, but swayed by Liddon, and already imbued with ritualistic tendencies. He took orders, went to be curate at St. Albans in London, and spent most of his days in an atmospheric disturbance, ecclesiastically speaking. He was truculent in his opposition to any remonstrances from the authorities of his church. He quarrelled even with men who stood near to him, like Pusey and his chief, Mackonochie. The correspondence printed frankly by his biographer shows that, whatever were the merits of the disputes, Stanton contrived to exhibit a bad spirit in almost every case. The fact is, he had no training in theology. He took his sacerdotal views over as a forlorn cause to be championed, and gave himself to their advocacy as he did to the advocacy of good social causes, with unsparing ardour. You lay down his life, feeling that this was a beautiful, lawless creature. Towards the end he seems to have had a glimmering of this himself, for he gives an account of an interview with Father Duggan, a Roman priest, which contains the following admission.

" We were quite frank with one another, *e.g.*, when out walking I said to him : ' Granted the Infallibility of the Holy Father, what earthly use is it to you ? It has never preserved you from the greatest moral scandals in Christendom—the Imprisonment of Galileo, the Massacre of the Huguenots, the Establishment of the Inquisition, the Persecution of Dreyfus.' He turned right round in the road and said : ' That is unanswerable.' He said, ' I will receive you if you wish into the Roman Catholic Church, but I don't think you will be a bit happier.' So we talked on. . . . When we were parting I said : ' Now tell me straight. I have made a complete mess of my life in *our* Church. Should I have done any better in *your* Church ? Now straight.' And what do you think the fellow said ? ' Well, if you ask me, I don't think you could have been a success in any Church where obedience was required.' And I don't think he was wrong."

* " Arthur Stanton : A Memoir." By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green.)

Neither does the reader of his biography. "I fear," he once wrote, "I am neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring. Romanism is to me a lie, and Anglicanism hopelessly Erastian." A man who felt like this could not but remain a cross-bench member. No preferment came his way. He had to be inhibited from preaching to soldiers, bishops had to interfere with him, and he resented this bitterly. He was not only an ardent Liberal but a member of the Liberation Society, and, although he gathered round him an attached following, he never identified himself heartily even with the Church of England. In December, 1899, during the Boer War, he wrote: "The war gets more terrible. My consolation is that if ever there is another I shall be in my grave." It was so; for he died before the present war broke out.

Mr. Russell's sketch is, like nearly all modern clerical biographies, far too long. Stanton's letters are not distinguished, and a weariful space is occupied by the petty controversies of ritualism. It is refreshing to come across human traits like Stanton's sincere love for the poor and the odd fact that his three chief interests in life were the weather, health and religion, in the inverse order.

> "The barometer and the thermometer were his idols. And Arthur Stanton was, from first to last, profoundly interested in his own and his friends' ailments, and eager in prescribing systems of clothing and diet, in which he believed as essential to the public weal."

He never married, and there is hardly a trace of the slightest care for literature in his letters. He travelled abroad twice, once to America, and once to Egypt and the Holy Land. Otherwise he poured himself out in preaching to his congregation; the biography helps us to see that fruitful line in his life, and his published volume of sermons, which is posthumous, reveals some of his characteristic qualities as a preacher, so far as printed sermons can ever convey the influence of the pulpit.

JAMES MOFFATT.

THE LARGER VIEW.*

I should say that all authors writing during the war, though they try to ignore the war in their writings, are bound to take rather larger views than formerly. For the first time in the lives of many of us we are made suddenly aware that humanity is one and indivisible, and that this world is not such a very big world after all, not so big at any rate that any of its peoples can, even if they would, disregard the doings of any other peoples. We are all as the fruit of a tree of many branches, which, being shaken, is agitated throughout from its roots in the solid earth to its tiniest buds in the air. And one of the results of this common agitation is manifest in literature in a wider outlook and a firmer grasp upon the realities of things.

Says Mr. Alec Waugh, in "The Loom of Youth," "Altruism is the philosophy of middle age, and though youth can never see it, the most completely perfect philosophy of all." Well, we are all, young and old together, more or less altruists nowadays. Assuredly Mr. Waugh is himself an altruist in that he would turn his own sufferings to good account. He would save others, though himself he could not save, from the worst evils of the public school system. I know nothing of that system at first hand, but this book bears the unmistakable impress of authenticity, and so I must believe what it tells me. I think I caught a glimpse of what might be the truth in "Stalky and Co.," but the manner of that book was so repulsive to me that midway through the first chapter I had to put it aside, nauseated. In "The Loom of Youth" we have the truth presented with austere sincerity, with dignity and restraint, yet not without that suggestion of bitterness which is inherent in all expressions of deep feeling. And its total effect upon me is one of acute disillusion. I had grown in the belief that, whatever his faults, the public school boy was always a better sportsman than the Board School cad, more plucky, cleaner-minded, and above all, straighter. And he is not. He is just the same, though wanting the same excuse of poverty and ignorance. I cannot honestly say that I am glad to make his better acquaintance, but I do honestly say that I am glad to make the acquaintance of a new author, of whom one may safely predict such great things in the future. Indeed, this first book of his is in itself a fine achievement, well conceived, and well done in every way, and wholly praiseworthy, alike for the excellence of its writing and the worthiness of its purpose.

To pass from "The Loom of Youth" to "Potterat and the War" is to have the sensation of stepping out of cool, dim cloisters into the blazing, roaring daylight of a busy thoroughfare. And there is David Potterat in the midst of his friends, largely gesticulative, talking, laughing—prodigiously. A great fellow! Even at first sight one feels somehow that he is an old acquaintance. And reference to the title-page brings regret in the reflection that he ought to be an old acquaintance, that I have missed two whole volumes of this truly immense, this truly voluminous Potterat. But that of course can be attended to, later on. Meanwhile I have to express my delight in this wonderful big ex-policeman who also has his larger views commensurate with his ample person, his spacious gestures, his generous speech. And gathered about him, his creatures and foils, are others hardly less incredibly credible as living beings recognisably human and lovable as the great Potterat himself. This splendid figure of a man, strong as a whirlwind, soft and tender as a summer breeze, admirable in all his moods and tenses, is shaken out of the sleek happiness of his retirement, first by the inexorable march of what passes for progress, and then by the war. As a sidelight on the war this book is more valuable than many official reports. As a diversion and an entertainment in itself it is incomparably the best of all the foreign novels that the enterprising and discerning public spirit of this particular firm of publishers has given us.

And from all these effects of laughter and sunshine, life and light, back again to the quieter paths that the late John F. Macdonald loved best to tread. The literary remains of any author have necessarily a pathetic quality of their own apart from the nature of the work itself; in this instance wholly admirable. Mr. Macdonald had also the larger view. He was essentially a journalist, but only in the sense that an historian is a journalist. That is to say, he caught the spirit of his day and translated it into such happy media of words as appealed to the popular taste. Reading these sketches and essays of only a little while ago, one is increasingly surprised to find how far off and remote that time seems now, that anxious haggard time following immediately on the outbreak of war, when war, as we know it now, was new to us, and we had hardly begun to realise the vastness of the issues involved. London and Paris were both equally familiar to this gentle and kindly man, this sympathetic and yet shrewd observer, whose sober humour and most seemly realism were based on a broad charity. This book is one to be unreservedly commended as well for its intrinsic interest as for its historical importance, as well for its revival of yesterday's emotions as for its inspiration of to-morrow's hopes.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "The Loom of Youth." By Alec Waugh. With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Potterat and the War." By Benjamin Vallotton. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)—"Two Towns—One City: Paris—London." By John F. Macdonald. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

THE OUTER COURT.*

"Having escorted them to the door of the inner sanctuary I take leave of my readers," says the author of "My Reminiscences." We have had a pleasant journey together, so must be content not to pry. The talk has wandered from youth to maturity; from home affairs and the personalia of Bengal literary matters to the realities that lie behind Indian political conditions, and the technicalities of musico-dramatic work. The book was

* "My Reminiscences." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

written for an Indian public, and the anonymous translator has tried to convey the intimacy of the original. So that "My Reminiscences" is as far from the usual illustrated biography of a successful personage as from the introspective diary of the shadowed life. Few of those unacquainted with the author's creative works would read it with pleasure, but some acquaintances and many admirers will come nearer to friendship. Tagore's ascendancy in this country was a result of personal contact. It arose from the chrysalis of a coterie.

Happily a sense of humour tempers the pages to those who remain this side idolatry. He pleads guilty to the eccentricity of poet's youth, and to the nickname of "the Bengal Shelley." He records, too, that two readers once made a bet as to the meaning of a certain early poem, which he, as author, had to leave undecided.

From personal affectation and literary uncertainty, Tagore advanced to the stage at which "no person or thing in the world seemed trivial or unpleasing." Dignity and simplicity come only from strong light and deep darkness. In this the Soul of Man is like the photographer's sensitised plate. The first part of the poet's life was joyous and easy, the next dark and hard.

His early contact with English literature was compulsory, and to some extent against his instinct. To him there seemed to be in our writers an uncontrolled quality, a sort of verbal reaction from our traditional reserve.

Tagore's introduction to English music was through the piping of a *prima donna* at Brighton. The real music of choral Britain probably is as unknown to him as are his Bengali music-dramas to our North and West countrymen. Yet they have much in common, the conventions of both having kinship with the more elaborate music-dramas of mediæval Japan. The author-composer tells us that in his "Valmiki Pratibha" he went to an Irish melody for his wood-nymphs, and found two English tunes useful for drinking songs. Tagore is a "maker" in the full sense. His thoughts need a verbal, musical, and visual setting, and for some reason he is surprised that this blending of thought, scene, and sound found no "resentment" in Bengal.

A Hindu mela, or combination of eisteddfod and fair, was instituted in the Tagore household, and at these gatherings national songs were sung. Rabindranath's father was so keen on the vernacular that when a connection by marriage wrote to him in English he returned the letter. From this parochial point radiated a nationalism akin to that of Russia, in which literature, music, painting, and dress were involved. These are appetites that are not sated by a good English education, or the possibility of entering the State service. The limitations of facile culture is shown by the fate that attended some poems which Tagore had "faked" in the manner of Chatterton. One Nishikanta Chatterjee, who was in Germany when they appeared, is said to have given to the new poet a high place among the ancients. The thesis, in which the error was included, won the Ph.D.

The only bitterness in the book is at the expense of a lack of hospitality, a social miserliness that is a sin of England and apparently of Bengal also. Tagore laments the passing of the "mujlis," or gatherings such as would have gladdened the heart of Tusitala. And Tagore speaks as a man who had the feudal soul of Stevenson. He was brought up in a house where the "Mahabharata," in one of the many versions, was known in the servants' quarters.

Ten of the poet's finest lines are hidden away in this book. It appears that they were left out of Mohita Babu's edition of the Works as being too dependent upon the scene that inspired them. They begin:

"Let me sink down, losing myself in the depths of midnight.
Let the Earth leave her hold of me, let her free me from her obstacle of dust.
Keep your watch from afar, O stars, drunk though you be with moonlight,
And let the horizon hold its wings around me."

Those words approach very nearly to the condition of Music, without confusion of meaning. R. R. B.

A LESSER PRE-RAPHAELITE.*

There is an interesting story connected with this book. It was originally published in 1872, illustrated by Arthur Hughes, and with a cover design by Rossetti, who, moreover, reviewed the poems very appreciatively in the *Fortnightly*. For many years it has been "out of print"; but recently Mr. Elkin Mathews came upon a remainder of a few hundred unbound copies of the original edition, with Arthur Hughes's nine pictures, and has bound and reissued them, so that this is literally the first edition of the book, lacking only Rossetti's cover-design. A preface by Mr. Thomas Hake gives a brief biography of the poet and an account of his work.

Dr. Gordon Hake.

From "Parables and Tales" (Elkin Mathews). Taken at the time the book was written.

In the "Parables and Tales" Dr. Hake reprinted some of the poems that appeared in a volume of verse, "Madeline," which he published in 1871, and the "Family Letters of Christina Rossetti" contain a letter from her to D. G. R. criticising that book with sharp discrimination. She could find no meaning in "Madeline," but goes on: "The 'Parables' are quite another matter. 'Old Souls,' not to discuss every point in it, has a rugged nobility and beauty which I hope may strike fire out of some flints, and a pathos which may melt some. 'The Lily of the Valley,' too, has continual beauty; the 'Deadly Nightshade,' startling awfulness." These three are among the poems reprinted in this (the 1872) volume. In a review of the "Parables and Tales," which Mr. Thomas Hake largely reproduces in his preface, Dante Rossetti also singled out "Old Souls" and "The Lily" as two of the finest, and gave almost equal praise to "The Blind Boy" and "The Cripple," which were not included in the earlier book. Hake's poetry has something of that verbal quaintness which Allingham called "the guild-mark, so to speak, of the P.R.B.," but he blends with it a feeling for the beauty of familiar things, a simple realism and stark simplicity of utterance that are more characteristic of Wordsworth. The work that comes to us stamped with the high approval of three such poets as Mrs. Meynell and Christina and D. G. Rossetti needs no recommendation from lesser critics. The best of it is, as Watts-Dunton said, "full of fine qualities" that will appeal to our generation as they did to his own. The exquisite drawings of Arthur Hughes add greatly to the interest as well as to the beauty of the book.

POETRY AND VERSE IN WAR TIME.

Place to Robert Nichols,[1] one of the assured poets who has come out of the war! Fortunately for poetry he is still with us. He is an essential poet. It is but accident that gives him the great theme of the war to handle. He is no poet of one string. There is a joyous thing, "A Faun's Holiday," written at Oxford on the edge of war. There is a beautiful and solemn triptych of the Mother and Child, the Last Supper, and the End of Judas. There are Eastern songs, such things as the young poet delighted himself with before the great tragedy was upon him. There is a certain opulence in this poetry. Mr. Nichols has enough and to spare; and he has the painter's vision. Many of the war poems will not bear reading aloud by a sensitive reader. But some have a certain cool quietness in which the poet who is also a soldier stands aside and looks at his mood, and we may stand by him without tears and look at this:

"Nearer and ever nearer,
My body, tired but tense,
Hovers 'twixt vague pleasure
And tremulous confidence.

* "Parables and Tales." By Thomas Gordon Hake. With a Preface by his son, Thomas Hake. Illustrated by Arthur Hughes. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

1. "Ardours and Endurances." By Robert Nichols. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Arms to have and to use them,
And a soul to be made:
Worthy, if not worthy,
If afraid, unafraid.

"To endure for a little,
To endure and have done:
Men I love about me,
Over me the sun.

"And should at last suddenly
Fly the speeding death,
The four great quarters of heaven
Receive this little breath."

Mr. Nichols is of the poets who have arrived.

In "Plain Song"[2] Mr. Eden Phillpotts has abandoned prose for verse, feeling doubtless that the thoughts of this burning time were so better expressed. There are some stirring strains in this volume of verse by a man who finds poetic expression in his prose, but there is nothing that can be called poetry. The gift bestowed so freely in these days is not vouchsafed to this artist in another medium. One can but say that he has tried bravely and that his spirit is all that can be desired and admired.

In "Songs of a Miner"[3] Mr. James Welsh strikes a brave note. He asks for his verse to be taken for what it is and judged on its own merits, not because he is a miner. Well, it is very clean, sweet and beauty-loving verse. It reveals a mind and spirit which the mine had no power to cramp or imprison. I am not sure that Mr. Welsh's best verse is not written in the Scottish dialect; but in his English poems he has a sense of style and a musical diction. These verses will give pleasure to many people.

You would never guess from its title what "Poems of Conformity"[4] was going to be. The title is Mr. Williams's pleasant jest. He has a true, if whimsical, poetic gift: and he has great models and a fertile imagination as well as a richly-coloured vocabulary. His poetry is full of religion implied and expressed. How close he gets to his masters, and they are great masters, may be gathered from a few verses of the "Dirge for Our Lady":

"All things are sorrowful, for all she loved,
All that in air or earth or ocean moved,
She from begetting to begetting blessed
And still in pairing time their loves approved.

"The shepherd saw her when he tuned his pipe,
Or plucked for his Neæra berries ripe
And swollen nuts; girls bearing in brown hands
Well-buckets, passed her, their great prototype.

"To her more made than to Demeter suit,
In the ploughed field the busy corn struck root
By her; with great fish seas grew populous,
And little ponds with sticklebacks and newt."

Mr. Williams's poetry has often a touch of the golden innocence of William Blake. He has often, too, the wisdom of the simple, as in the Epiphany poems.

"Swallows in Storm and Sunlight"[5] has for frontispiece the face of a boy-soldier, innocent and gentle. It is a disarming thing. One cannot set out coldly to appraise the simple book of a Happy Warrior, for the young writer fell in action on Lady Day in Harvest, 1916. As might be expected, the verse shows a brave and clean personality, and although very simple it is not without a certain deftness.

And here again, in "Poems and Drawings,"[6] by H. L. Field, are the reliques of a young fighting man, one who was at home equally with pen and pencil. His gifts were far more pronounced than those of the other boy, and although these be mere fragments gathered up by a loving hand, there is enough to show how much of promise there was in Henry Field. He himself thought his *métier* was rather with pencil than with pen. Certainly his drawings of "Sun" and "Wind" show imaginative qualities as well as draughtsmanship. There are several carols in this little sheaf of verse, reverent and innocent as becomes a carol. If you judge by these two young soldiers our fighting men have gone back to the ages of faith. Here is a song of the wind on the heath that better bears extraction than most things:

"The wind blows cold to-day, my lass,
And a few small drops of rain;
Then take your cloak around you, lass,
We're off on the road again.

"We two have tramped for many a mile,
Through wintry rain and weather;
But if there's a road to be travelled yet,
We'll travel it together.

"We've rested by the hard road-side,
Two hearts with one desire;
And Love and the Road are enough for both,
By the side of our own camp fire."

"The Red, Red Dawn"[7] is another volume of poems from James Mackereth, the possessor of a real but not always manageable or well-managed poetic gift. He has always something worth while to say, but he does not always say it quite clearly. Often he writes at too great length, and we cannot see the wood for the trees, but here he is brief and pertinent, and his thought gains strength from compression:

EARTH.

"Tread reverently on that dumb thing
The earth: in secret there abides
All man hath been; all love-making
Of all the bridegrooms and the brides,
And all the perils and the prides
And battles old, forgotten of Fame,
'Tis mute so long, nor chafes, nor chides:
It waits and waits and aches to sing.
Hush! Since God, amorous, this way came,
It labours with the hidden Thing—
With here a flower and there a flame:
Watch, lest it lift a wing."

Mr. Mackereth also is of the soldier poets.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

HERO AND HUMORIST.*

People who had the enlightened habit of travelling in France before the war seemed to be bent rather on smuggling Tauchnitz editions through the customs than on introducing us to fresh discoveries in the way of authorship. Otherwise the English public might have made acquaintance sooner with the work of the Alsatian artist, "Hansi," and his marvellous faculty of satiric humour with pencil and with pen. His real name, Jean-Jacques Waltz, with its odd mixture of associations, is forgotten; his Dutch and diminutive nickname has a chance of immortality. For beyond his claims as an artist and humorist, "Hansi" is a patriot *par excellence*, and the story of his life is a kind of cinema-record of half a century of sufferings borne by his native Alsace-Lorraine.

Any man might have prophesied in 1870 that the wrong then done to France would find redress some day, though he would have been bold to date it within a single lifetime. It required still more courage to foresee that Alsace would develop a champion in a certain youngster who was toddling about the streets of Colmar and its public library, where his father was in charge. But knowing what we knew then of the German and his ways, even with the horrors of the present war still unrevealed, it was impossible to foresee that this self-appointed champion of a kidnapped country would find a medium capable of escaping

[2] "Plain Song." By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
[3] "Songs of a Miner." By James C. Welsh. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)
[4] "Poems of Conformity." By Charles Williams. 3s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford.)
[5] "Swallows in Storm and Sunlight." By R. H. Beckh. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)
[6] "Poems and Drawings." By H. L. Field. (Cornish Brothers.)
[7] "The Red, Red Dawn." By James A. Mackereth. (Erskine Macdonald.)

* "Professor Knatschke: Selected Works of the Great German Scholar and his Daughter, Elsa." Illustrated by "Hansi." Translated by Professor R. L. Crewe, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

through the meshes of German stolidity and the German penal laws. "Hansi" had no sooner qualified in art than he proceeded to develop an original fund of mordant humour, humour that was all the subtler because of its air of supreme good nature. When the Deutschers saw themselves reflected in the caricatures and cartoons that began to appear in a few Alsatian prints, they actually laughed with the rest of mankind, and if their author had cared to accept the tyrant's yoke, he might have ruled that world of comic art in Munich which was just beginning to inoculate the Hun with saving sanity when the war came and closed it down. "Hansi," however, was patriot first and artist afterwards, or rather he was inseparably both; and precious little of his work comes back to mind, in a long acquaintance with it, which does not pour vitriol and spirits of salt on Germany's fatuous self-complacency. His "Histoire d'Alsace" is a training-ground in love of country for Alsatian children; "Mon Village" is a glorification of a typical fragment of the map, with the author's genuine passion for humanity and liberty veiled by a happy idyllism and a healthy humour. He had by this time revealed the power of supplying text to his drawings, and they both came to their climax in "Professor Knatschke."

There are two compatriots who should always share honours with "Hansi." One is Maître P. A. Helmer, the eloquent advocate who has defended him in the German courts against charges of high treason, for trifling or imaginary offences, of course. The other is the Abbé Wetterlé, who represented Alsace in the Reichstag for many years, and now contributes a biographical appreciation to the present volume. As he says, the book might fitly bear the sub-title: "The Germans Depicted by Themselves," seeing that it was written under the skin of Hun psychology, and until "Hansi" was recognised as a dangerous customer, the book drew the laughter of Germany itself. It crystallises all the familiar attributes of Fritz and his race into a blustering professor whose academic claims are of the slightest, and who is not for nothing the son of "Herring-Export-Firm-Owner" Knatschke, of Tilsit-on-the-Memel. For a very little learning makes a German pedant, and rather less travel raises him to a pinnacle of encyclopædic infallibility about France and the French. You see a fresh burst of enlightenment after each of his few day-trips to Paris, and you catch the ardour with which this sausage among savants not only deplores the poverty of French taste and wit, but builds up a new and imaginary Paris on German lines, with all her thoroughfares renamed—Pont d'Iéna into the Sedanbrücke, for instance, and the Place de Concorde into the Eintrachtsplatz. In this vein you find every engaging touch and flavour in French conversation, cookery, dress, and society, ground under the hob-nailed heels of Hun miscomprehension, and you roar at the clever abruptness with which the sparkle of the one race is contrasted with the smug and noisome squalor of the other. If you stopped to think how near the inferior race came three years ago to realising their brutalising plans, it might make you shudder perhaps, but "Hansi's" deft pencil and pen never let you. His is a holiday vein, and Professor Crewe has kept the same spirit alive in his translation. The publishers have followed suit by issuing the book in the style that "Hansi" chose himself, and the result is perfect of its kind, both as an autopsy of the Boche and a triumph of Gallic pleasantry.

J. P. COLLINS.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.*

In a chapter of this fascinating book dealing with "modern commentators, writers, and translators," Mr. Stacpoole would appear to be under the impression that "one of the earliest of the modern articles upon Villon is to be found in the *Journal des Savants* of September, 1832, from the pen of M. Daunou." He may be interested to know that an Englishman holds pride of place. It was H. F. Cary ("Dante" Cary) who, in September, 1823, began to contribute a series of articles on the early French poets to the *London Magazine*—that brilliant literary journal which was supported by so many distinguished writers of the period—Charles Lamb, De Quincey, and William Hazlitt being the chief. In the following number (October), Cary's article on Villon appeared, short, but of no little interest. It contains a charming translation of the "Ballad of the Ladies of Past Time," which may well hold up its head when confronted with Rossetti's version which is generally considered to be the best. In addition, the article contains a translation of the first verse of the "Epitaph in Form of a Ballad," and a few lines from "The Little Testament," beginning:

> "Poor am I, poor have always been,
> And poor before me were my race."

* "François Villon." By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

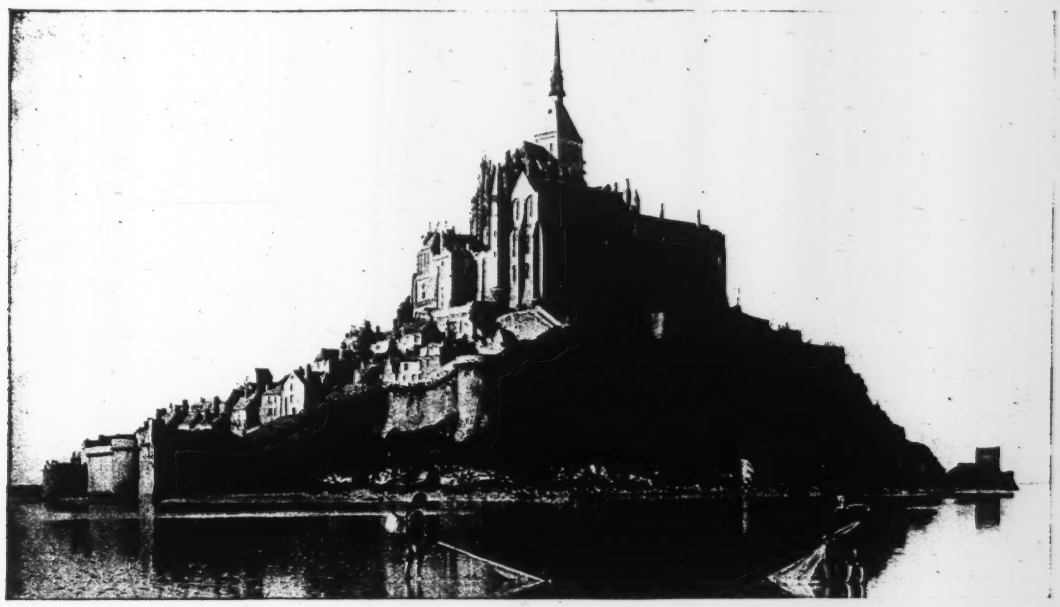


Photo by E. N. A. **Mont St. Michel.**

From "The Splendour of France," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in fortnightly parts.

Cary's various articles on the French poets were collected and published in book form in 1846, and edited by his son. Over three years ago Villon's present biographer was responsible for a very worthy translation of most of the poems, and his work now under review is a fine rounding-off of his labours in connection with the great French poet.

Not many details are known of Villon's life, and of these most of them do not show him up in a very favourable light. The times in which Villon lived, however, should be duly considered for they were not favourable to the cultivation of a high standard of honour or morality. Mr. Stacpoole does what he can for his protégé in defending him from R. L. Stevenson's merciless onslaught. Villon was born in 1431, the same year in which Joan of Arc was burned to death in Rouen. In a quatrain we are told he first saw the light "in Paris near to Pontoise." Nothing is known of his father, and all we know of his mother is to be found in some of the most beautiful lines that Villon ever wrote :

> "A poor old woman—old and lean—
> Am I, who know not letters three,
> Yet in the cloister have I seen
> Heaven in those pictures heavenly.
> Where saints and angels ever be
> With harps and lutes, and, 'neath the din
> A hell with sinners scorched of skin.
> 'Twixt joy and fear to thee I fly
> Who savest sinners from hell's gin.
> And in this faith I live and die."

His real name was either de Montcorbier or des Loges, but he was afterwards known as Villon, having been adopted as the son of a priest, Guillaume Villon, Canon of St. Benoist, a church on the University side of the Seine. When the adoption took place is not stated very clearly, but it does not appear to have occurred until the boy was sent to the University of Paris. He took his Baccalaureate degree in March, 1449, and that of Master of Arts three years later (1452). He boarded with one of the Masters of the University, but appears to have lived with the worthy Canon in his house, the Porte Rouge, in the Cloisters. The state of morality among the students was appalling, for Mr. Stacpoole tells us that :

> "This University, to put it in plain and straight English, is a hell and the pet amusements of a large percentage of these tonsured individuals [the students] are fighting—often leading to murder or homicide—drink, gambling, rape, and robbery."

He goes on :

> "These amusements are conducted for the most part out of the precincts of the University, in the city beyond, where four thousand taverns and three thousand prostitutes are always beckoning across the water to Learning."

To these attractions there was a ready response. The only incident that is related as having taken place while Villon was a student at the University, and in which he no doubt took part, was the carrying-off by the students, amid great excitement, of "an immense stone named, for some obscure reason, the *Pet au Diable*," which stood in the Place de la Grève. Then came the turn of the civic authorities, who recaptured it. A second time the students sallied forth and regained their trophy, only to lose it once more when the powers of the law were set in motion. It is supposed that Villon composed a poem to celebrate this mediæval conflict between Town and Gown. After his leaving the University Villon is lost to sight for some three years. We next hear of him as having caused the death of the priest, Sermoise, in a brawl in which the latter was the aggressor. Villon fled, and remained in exile until his pardon seven months later. The next incident is the robbery at the College of Navarre, the college of which Villon had been an undergraduate. Then followed a five years' wandering, towards the end of which he was the prisoner, in Meung, of the Bishop of Orléans for some offence, the nature of which has not been discovered. His imprisonment in a loathsome dungeon lasted several months. On his release, emaciated, worn and old-looking, he returned to Paris relying upon his altered appearance to secure his non-recognition. He remained for a short time in Paris "unwhipped of justice" when, on his discharge from prison on a charge which could not be brought home to him, he was on the point of regaining his freedom, to be met at the prison door by the authorities of the College of Navarre. A promise to pay his share of the spoils was accepted. It is not likely that it was ever paid. The last offence for which he was haled before justice, viz., the murder of a notary's clerk, was, so far as can be ascertained, committed by an associate in whose company he happened to be. He was sentenced to death, but the penalty was commuted to banishment. This happened in 1463, and nothing further is known of him. Where or when he died, whether he breathed his last in bed or at the hands of the public executioner, has not been ascertained. From this bare outline of his life, it may be judged that however picturesque and interesting Villon's career may be, it is not one which will appeal to very straight-laced people. Mention should have been made of Villon's more or less intimate association with the notorious gang, the Coquillards—cheats, thieves and gamblers.

Whatever conclusion one may come to as to Villon the Man, there can be no doubt that he was a great poet—one of the greatest that France has produced. The specimen given above shows him in his sober mood, but many of his poems are characterised by a devil-may-care irresponsibility. His verses have an exquisite musical quality which of itself ought to ensure his acceptance. Mr. Stacpoole is to be heartily congratulated on having written a most delightful monograph, and no one could have said better what there is to be said in extenuation of the poet's moral lapses. He undoubtedly sinned greatly, but as Mr. Symons declared, "It requires a strong man to 'sin strongly,' and profit by it." Mention of the latter writer calls to mind an exquisite translation of verses 38 to 41 in the "Grand Testament," to which Mr. Stacpoole does not refer, and most unaccountably he has omitted to note Rossetti's translation of Villon's "Ballad to His Mother."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

CONCERNING LOVE AND FREEDOM.

The other day somebody foreshadowed a literary journal in which all the reviews should be written to a prescribed form : "This is a novel. It has so many pages. It is about so-and-so, and I like it (or I don't like it, as the case may be) for the following reasons." There is a good deal to be said for such a limitation. No dust is as dry as the dust of literary polemics, and few works are more unprofitable than tearing the average novel to pieces in search of a principle. One imagines that, in certain moods, the jaded reviewer himself would be the first to welcome such an innovation, yet I think that even the most skilful of the tribe would find himself at a loss if he were compelled to apply this method to the review of Mr. Frank Swinnerton's new book. It is a novel, certainly, but it happens to be one of those novels (and there are not many of them) which must be considered as a work of art or not at all. If I tell you the story of it I shall tell you nothing relevant, nothing that will enable you to understand the book's rare beauty, yet that is all I am concerned to do, though to analyse beauty is the most difficult thing in the world.

"Nocturne,"[1] then (since there is no getting away from it) is the story of two sisters, Jenny and Emily Blanchard, the one a milliner and the other a household drudge. Each is in a state of half conscious revolt against the environment which denies her the fullness of life and joy ; each according to her nature fashions from her great desire a dream of freedom, and the events of a single night bring to each the promise of fulfilment in the love of a man. Partly out of boredom, and partly from pity for her sister, and partly because of a flash of insight which shows her the reality of things, Jenny contrives that Alf Rylett, who has come courting her, shall take Emily to the theatre instead. He does so, unwillingly, but they come home an engaged couple, and Emily sees a vision of

[1] "Nocturne." By Frank Swinnerton. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

the freedom she longs for in the shape of a home of her own, with floors to scrub and dishes to wash and an armful of babies. Jenny, left at home to look after her invalid father, receives a telegram from her lover, and goes to meet him in a yacht on the Thames, where she does what the life-force bids her do, and finds the joy that women know in complete surrender to love. So Emily finds happiness in the prospect of new chains that shall press softlier than silken cords, while Jenny, poor little introspective, impetuous Jenny, brings the cold light of intellect to bear upon remembered emotion and realises at last that the only thing she fears is her own merciless judgment.

That is all the story, and as I said before, "Nocturne" is a book of rare and delicate beauty. It is written with an economy of means that is remarkable—there are only five characters and the entire action occupies no more than six hours, yet, without any padding of psychological analysis, the author succeeds in making us feel that we know Jenny and Jenny's lover Keith, Emily and the ponderous Alf, and even poor old Pa Blanchard, who only speaks half a dozen words, better almost than we know the members of our own family. Such a quality as this, however, and the cunning subordination of the part to the whole which also marks the book, belong to craftsmanship, and of this it is enough to say that the technique of "Nocturne" seems to me almost perfect. Mr. Swinnerton has little to learn in the practice of his art. But the beauty of the book lies deeper, and depends, I think, upon the author's approach to his subject. He has seen those few events that he describes, those people whose souls the events lay bare, in the light of a glowing idea, a kind of rapture of tenderness.

"The Real Adventure,"[2] by Henry Kitchell Webster, is an American problem novel, the problem being nothing less than the relations of the sexes in marriage. The story is worked out very conscientiously through nearly six hundred pages, and is about a healthy athletic and supremely modern young woman who marries a brilliant young lawyer for love. Once married she finds that her husband refuses to accept her on terms of equality. She has his love, but craves his friendship also, and resents being left outside the sphere of his everyday life. Then she has twins, and that makes matters worse, for her husband has ideas about the nurture of children which result in the mother's care being almost excluded. She leaves him and becomes a chorus girl, and after many vicissitudes in that precarious profession finally "makes good" and wins money and success as a designer of stage costumes. Then, having proved her ability to battle with the workaday world just as well as a man, she goes back to her husband, whom she has never ceased to love, and we leave her on page 559, deliciously happy, with a twin in each hand. It is all very subtle and psychological, but very well done in spite of that. There are clever, arresting things on every page, and the characters are live people and not mere puppets. Personally I found it difficult to arouse any sympathy with the young woman who runs away, but that may be due to a temperamental defect in me, and there is no doubt of the author's sincerity. The best thing in the book is the description of Rose's struggle to earn a living on the stage, which is extraordinarily vivid and convincing.

Mr. Sidney Paternoster's novel[3] is one of those that can quite adequately be reviewed according to the formula quoted at the beginning of this article, for it is as unpretentious as it is simple and charming. The great gift of the title is, of course, the gift of a woman's love, and Mr. Paternoster shows us once again the tragedy of middle age that has won fame and wealth yet comes too late in the lists of love. His hero, Hugh Standish, is a self-made man, a little too self-made, perhaps, to be realistic. Bred in the gutter, though of gentle blood, at the age of forty-six he has made a fortune, has achieved success in politics, and is a member of the Cabinet. In his youth he has had love affairs, but they have been transitory things, emotional disturbances recognised as such and kept apart from his life. Not until middle age does the consuming passion come to him, and then he learns that in the real sense, "Loving is giving—is sacrifice," for the heart of the girl to whom he is betrothed is given to his secretary, a young man who has no riches but youth, and Standish is noble enough to yield his claim. I suppose all this is a confection, but the flavour of it is pleasant enough, and it will be a very jaded palate indeed that will not enjoy it. There are passages in the book that show real power—particularly the kaleidoscope-like pictures by which the author outlines his hero's early career, and the scenes in the Tyrolean Alps. In his emotional scenes, Mr. Paternoster always manages to keep just a little on the safe side of sentimentality, and that is a good quality, but one could find it in one's heart to wish he had exercised a similar restraint in presenting the intellectual brilliance of his hero. Standish is always saying "clever" things, such as "Dining is life's greatest labour," or "Education is the grave of originality," or "A politician is a patriot in livery." Surely that kind of cleverness is a little out of fashion now!

C. S. EVANS.

[2] "The Real Adventure." By Henry Kitchell Webster. 5s. (Constable.)

[3] "The Great Gift." By Sidney Paternoster. 6s. (John Lane.)

REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE.*

It may be said at once that these delightful reminiscences of Charles MacFarlane are the best of their kind that have appeared for a long time, and but for the fact that the "two quarto manuscript volumes" were seen by a man of discernment—Mr. Frank Woore, of Derby, a dealer in second-hand books—at a country sale, it is more than likely that they would have been sold as waste paper. Mr. Tattersall, the editor, is also our benefactor, for there are some collectors who like to keep a good thing to themselves, and if he had not sought and, without any difficulty we should imagine, found a publisher, we should not now be—in a manner of speaking—sharers with him of his treasured possession. Some account is given of MacFarlane in the "Dictionary of National Biography," but nothing is to be found in that record which would lead one to judge that his best work was, before its present publication, still in manuscript. The narrative opens with a fascinating account of MacFarlane's meeting in the Naples Royal Bourbon Museum with an unknown young man who turned out to be Shelley, who, with his wife and Claire Clairmont, was a visitor for about three months in the winter of 1818–19. Following this meeting, the two, according to MacFarlane's account, drove the next morning to Pompeii, had lunch in one of the disinterred houses, after which they sat on the seashore with Naples in view, an incident which inspired Shelley's lovely poem "Written in dejection near Naples," though we are informed that it was not written down at the time. The description of the visit to Pompeii does not tally with the account given by Shelley himself in his letter to Peacock, written on January 26th, 1819. There are delightful details of a visit to Hartley Coleridge at Grasmere in 1838, which will be read with sympathetic interest by all who love that frail good creature. One could almost fill a fairly long review with a mere catalogue of names of celebrated men with whom MacFarlane was more or less acquainted, but it is only possible to enumerate those of outstanding interest, such as S. T. Coleridge, Wordsworth, John Keats, and Sir Walter Scott. In addition there are others in various spheres of life about whom the writer has many an attractive anecdote to relate. By means of our present-day knowledge several errors may be corrected. It is, without question, untrue that De Quincey was "certainly born at Wrington, a pleasant village between Bristol and the Cheddar Hills." The statement that Lord Dudley's gift of £50 to Godwin was given under the seal of secrecy is also incorrect. This benefactor's name appeared among the signatories to the appeal for help on behalf of that unfortunate man.

* "Reminiscences of a Literary Life." By Charles MacFarlane. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Novel Notes.

THE GOSSIP SHOP. By J. E. Buckrose. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Gossip makes cowards of many brave women. . . . If only we could see this minute before us the miseries brought about by talk, I do believe we should find it worse than that produced by drink. . . ." says one of the characters in "The Gossip Shop." And whether we agree with this remark or not, we shall undoubtedly agree, after reading this book, that the author has written a story, around the unfortunate results of a trifling piece of gossip, that is brisk, entertaining and convincing. The story is told in a bright and gossipy manner, and is never allowed to become serious for more than a few pages at a time. The inhabitants of the little town of Wendlebury keep the author well supplied with incidents and dainty morsels of gossip to hand on to the reader in search of amusement. In Wendlebury there is comedy and tragedy, and love, and gossip in plenty, and all of it is interesting; but the best bit of work in the book is the love story of Pauline and young Unwin, the architect; the feelings of these two are described most naturally, but though they seem quite sensible young people the course of their true love runs far from smoothly—all through a little piece of gossip. Parts of the book—in which the artificialities and snobbery of certain of the good people of Wendlebury are described—are not quite up to the level of the rest of the story. But it is a clever and an enjoyable book, and one to be recommended to those who want a pleasant afternoon's reading.

THE ROAD TO ARCADY. By Walter Bampfylde. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

A most charming story, set in the period of the Civil War, and linked to the siege of Gloucester by the Royalists. The heroine, Joyce Woodruffe, is a Puritan girl, who loves and is loved by a Cavalier of Prince Rupert's troops. Religious differences and the feud of civil war block the path of the lovers, but by a series of adventures and escapes the pair of them reach their Arcady. The plot is familiar, and the staple of the tale quite simple. What invests it with charm in Mr. Bampfylde's hands is the idyllic freshness of the love-scenes, together with some excellent sketching of Puritan character; the Sergeant and the fanatic uncle are admirable foils in their own way to Terence Ormonde, the hero's foster-brother. The present reviewer admits that he began to read the story without much enthusiasm, for tales of this kind are like dandelions on the path of modern fiction; but the book has a quality of its own, which deserves to be praised, even although it is more easily felt by the reader than described by the reviewer. We can promise anyone who takes up this novel, three hundred pages of very attractive and delightful reading.

A SPY FOR NAPOLEON. By May Wynne. 6s. (Jarrolds.)

Within earshot of the guns in France where French and British are fighting shoulder to shoulder, it is hard to remember and impossible to realise that there was a time—not so very long ago—when the word "French" was synonymous with "sinister" and the menace to European peace was the Emperor Napoleon. And for this reason Miss May Wynne was wise not to write a story of that war which has faded into insignificance beside the world-war of to-day, but has chosen instead a romance with a Napoleonic setting. The plot to restore the Bourbon Louis XVIII. was betrayed by one of the conspirators, and his treachery so tarnished his granddaughter, Estelle de Mareilles, that Ann de Kerland, whose brother Bertrand had died defending Estelle's good name, drove Guy Allesdale back to England, leaving Estelle alone and unbefriended. It is a rousing story of passionate love and hatred, bitter remorse and relentless revenge. And since all successful novels, like journeys, "end in lovers' meetings," the curtain drops to the strains of the Wedding March. Miss Wynne knows her subject, and has contrived to mould it into a very acceptable book.

THE GATES OF KUT. By Lindsay Russell. 6s. (Cassell.)

Most war-time novels are ultra light and cheery of tone in order to serve as a relaxation from the realities of war. In this way, "The Gates of Kut," by Lindsay Russell, is original, in that it gives a vividly true impression of the attitude of the English people in the second year of the war; their blunders, their wilful blindness, and the consequent suffering entailed. Most of the scenes of the story are laid in London, the home of Enid Marcourt and her politician husband. But Philip Territt, the man who loves Enid so faithfully and unrewardedly, goes to Mesopotamia, where he is wounded near Kut-el-Amara. This part of the story gives the authoress a chance to describe some of the grimness of that first Asiatic campaign, a chance of which she ably avails herself. For Miss Lindsay Russell possesses that rare gift of knowing when and how to employ sarcasm; and much of her writing, although pitched in a minor key, is unusually effective. Were we to tell how Philip, having been posted missing, returns to England but not to Enid, it would spoil what is a sad, and in some ways an unsatisfactory story; but one which is considerably truer to life than many with a well-rounded theme.

FOREST FUGITIVES. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. 6s. (John Long.)

A breezy yarn of love among the pirates, with a hero of the fighting parson type who has seen service in the Navy, and a heroine of Spanish-Irish descent who can shoot straight when the occasion requires. Shipwrecked off the coast of New Brunswick, a hundred years ago, George Hill is rescued by a beautiful girl who proves to be the daughter of "The Planter," a notorious pirate much in request by the British Navy. The story is loosely woven but has plenty of melodramatic incident, and Hill is no faint-hearted lover. Moreover, "Forest Fugitives" has an agreeable salt-water flavour that will appeal to many.

MA'AM. By M. Beresford Ryley. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The authoress has handled thoughtfully one of the stock problems of fiction, an unhappy marriage, complicated by the arrival of a rich former lover of the wife. The heroine in this case is not suited to be a curate's wife; she is a suffragette, practically an agnostic, and impatient of fools, including the vicar's wife. The separation between Cunningham and his wife, however, is not final. During a long visit to Italy, where she is staying in the same house as her former lover, she wavers; once, she is almost ready to live with him; but an illness intervenes, her husband comes to his senses, and the former lover accepts the position of a friend quite definitely. The end is conventional. But what is striking in the novel is the power of the authoress to interpret some phases of feminine character, especially in relation to masculine aims. One has the impression that experience and even suffering went to the writing of this story. Some readers would prefer a more heroic and sharp climax. But life has a way of being unheroic, even after what appears to be romantic preparations, and Miss Ryley certainly knows the effect of artistic reserve.

JERRY OF THE ISLANDS. By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The publishers do not state whether this is the last novel we may expect from Jack London's picturesque pen. But whether last or only latest, "Jerry of the Islands" certainly shows Jack London at the summit of his powers. In his preface, dated from Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, this master-weaver of lagoon magic assures readers and critics alike that his stories of head-hunting

cannibals in the Solomon Islands are not mere imaginative efforts on his part, but present-day realities well authenticated and unexaggerated. And he goes on to mention the original of his dog hero, Jerry—a nigger-chasing, adorable Irish terrier puppy, who was smooth-coated like Jerry, and whose name was Peggy. It is easy to see how the author's affection for Peggy has coloured and sensitized every page of this thrilling story. As an animal study, Jerry's biography is the most fascinating book we have seen since "White Fang" took the reading world by storm; while for sheer unorthodox adventure Jerry's escapades ashore and afloat among the South Sea islands will rank with Jack London's best work.

THE WEB. By Rolf Bennett. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If you are fond of snake stories of an exceeding creepiness, then you'll do well to read "The Web" by Rolf Bennett; but if, on the other hand, you have a horror of reptiles, you'll do equally well to avoid this book. As a snake yarn it is the best—or the worst—the present reviewer has ever met. A gang of peculiarly vicious Orientals attempt to revive the worship of Kali in the heart of London. This is an ancient ritual devoted to an especially loathsome goddess, and before the worshippers are discovered and brought to justice, several fearful, and—until the end of the story—inexplicable, murders are committed, while the heroine is stolen by a wicked Indian prince and employed by a hypnotic high priest of the Order as a keeper of the sacred cobra. The plot is excellently worked out; the reader is spared no possible thrill; and his interest is never allowed to flag for a single page.

AS CHANCE WOULD HAVE IT. By Mary F. Raphael. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Four young knights-errant of the modern type are interested, more or less platonically, in the fortunes of a pretty waitress at the Café Mendiant, in London. To save her from a worse fate they conspire amicably together. Their conspiracy resolves itself in an offer of themselves, severally and individually, as Berthe's future life-partner. She may choose which one of them she likes best, and he will faithfully pledge himself to rescue her not only from her menial employment, but from the unwelcome attentions of a dissolute nobleman. She agrees to this strange proposal. She makes her choice among the four friends—happily a wise choice, for he marries her. But, unhappily, there are the inevitable complications so vital to the interest of a story. In this instance the interest is capably sustained throughout, though one rather demurs from the author's point of view, which is a little old-fashioned. To our thinking she makes too much of a mountain out of a mere molehill. And, curiously enough, her own characters seem to think so too, cheerfully dismissing her fears with a smile and ignoring as shadowy and foolish the convention upon which the main theme of the story is based. Yet, as we have said, the story is extremely interesting, the characterisation good if a little sketchy, the style bright and engaging, the movement swift and light and easy. Here and there are glimpses of real beauty, real power, and a feeling for essentials that encourage one to anticipate something unusually good from Miss Raphael when she has found a stronger plot.

THE AZURE HAND. By S. R. Crockett. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is advertised as "S. R. Crockett's Last Novel," and it is very different from the fiction with which that prolific author began his literary career. "The Azure Hand" is a murder-tale. It opens with a murder, which leads to another, and is flanked by three love-stories which relieve the plot. The murder mystery is well contrived. It is somewhat drawn out, but that is inevitable in tales of this nature, and Mr. Crockett knows how to beguile his readers with minor characters and their by-play, from Sue Sim, the housemaid, to Mrs. Hampden Jones, the

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THE FIRST VOLUME:
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wife of the Chief Constable. Perhaps more than English readers will wonder what Mrs. Hampden Jones did when she "harcelled her daughters collectively and individually till they wished they were dead"; but if the verb is obscure, the meaning is plain. There is plenty of love-making in the novel, a certain amount of humour and fun, some character-sketching which is interesting, and, over all, the enigma of the murders. The scene is set in the Lowlands of Scotland, but the tale is not aggressively Scotch. The main characters move in circles where local dialect is unknown, and for this and other reasons the tale is distinctly readable, even exciting. The detective is not too clever. The hero is not immaculate, And the women are alive. All of which makes for freshness in the handling of a familiar theme.

A YOUNG MAN FROM THE SOUTH. By Lennox Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

Is there any nation under the sun as self-conscious as Ireland? In a never-ending stream from north, south, east and west her sons and daughters are striving to interpret to an attentive world every phase of Irish life and thought. "A Young Man from the South" sketches the growth of a youth of rigidly Unionist and Protestant ancestral views who comes up to Dublin and gradually awakens to his duty as an Irishman. Psychologically, it is an intensely interesting study of a fiercely sincere but not over-strong character, and to an Irishman not the least of its charm will lie in the knowledgeable, if somewhat ironic, way it treats of Dublin "movements" and people. Chapter V. is a gem in itself, only to be appreciated to the full by those fortunate individuals who have seen Yeats' perfect play, "Kathleen Ni Houlihan." This is a first novel, but the many who know Mr. Lennox Robinson as the author of those delightful plays, "Patriots" and "The Dreamers," will need no urging to make his acquaintance as a novelist.

A MAID O' DORSET. By M. E. Francis. 6s. (Cassell.)

Those who want to get away from the war for a while cannot do better than procure Mrs. Blundell's new volume, a story which is surely one of the most delightful idylls of English country life that even M. E. Francis has composed. "A Maid o' Dorset" tells how a girl's grandmother and the grandmother's friend, a somewhat old-fashioned farmer of forty, by giving the young couple full rope to court and to know one another, contrive to rescue the maid, quite one of the author's most charming heroines, from an undesirable attachment to a lawless young gipsy lad. It is all comedy of the brightest and most natural kind, and though the reader will probably consider that the farmer, admirable enough in the more sterling qualities, is rather too staid and drab a figure to have been allowed to link his fortunes with so youthful and ingenuous a creature as the maid, he will certainly hold that she was well rid of her gipsy boy. This lad is the triumph of the book: his charm is as little deniable as his utter lack of all moral sense.

THE HUNDREDTH CHANCE. By Ethel M. Dell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The remarkable popularity achieved by Miss Dell will, we have no doubt, be enhanced by her latest book. Her readers are legion; we are told that already "The Hundredth Chance" is in its forty-fifth thousand. And it is very good reading indeed. A love story, of course, but Miss Dell is no sentimentalist, and the story she tells is of the modern type. Somehow, as one reads through the four hundred odd pages, one cannot get away from the feeling that there is a strain of cruelty running through them, which may have its origin in a chapter (which occurs in the early stages of the story) describing in detail the physical punishment of a girl of twenty-five by her step-father—whom she speaks of as a "loathsome coward," a "hateful, tipsy bully." The incidents of the scene are revolting, and most readers will regard them as improbable. It is impossible in a brief review to even outline the narrative, which is unfolded with Miss Dell's accustomed skill. The character of Jake Bolton is particularly well developed, and he does not disappoint us, while the pathetic figure of Bunny, the cripple, claims a full share of sympathy.

THE SECRET BOND. By Hylda Rhodes. 6s. (John Long.)

Lenore Mortimer is a woman with a past—a past for which she endeavours to atone by rigorous restraint and self-effacement. But her lost self haunts her, and even in the drab, humble position of chaperon-companion her innate charm of personality asserts itself, and the past rises up to greet her. It is only when she meets, at last, a man who has sinned also and suffered for his sins, that she finds the peace and happiness she had never dared to hope for. It is a readable story with a little moral for the sheltered "good" woman, some clever character studies, and a delightful picture of a communist village. There are some exciting episodes and dramatic situations, and throughout a strong touch of pathos centring around the lonely figure of Lenore. Anyone looking for an interesting pre-war novel will find this a most enjoyable story, with a hero and heroine who are certainly out of the common and all the more likeable because of it.

The Bookman's Table.

THE UNDYING SPLENDOUR. By John William Streets. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Before the war, John William Streets was a Derbyshire miner; he had worked in the pit from his boyhood. He joined up in the early days of Armageddon, saw service in Egypt and in France, and had risen to the rank of sergeant in the York and Lancaster Regiment when he was reported wounded and missing after the big advance of July, 1916. Not until May last was it officially recorded that he had been killed. Most of the poems in this book were written in the training camp or the trenches, and some of the best of them are in the sonnet sequence from which the book takes its title. They seldom charm you with any finished artistry, any lapidary jewel-work of magic words and phrases—you would not expect that of verses written in the trenches where "I have been so busy I have had little time to polish them": it is the naturalness of their feeling, their unstudied simplicity of expression, the courage and spiritual exaltation they breathe that give them power and distinction. "I have tried to picture some thoughts that pass through a man's brain when he dies," Streets wrote in the letter that accompanied the poems he sent home, and this he has done with a vivid realism and a stark sincerity such as must come upon a man when he feels he is writing in the shadow of death. Always he holds by a faith in the great To-Morrow:

> "I know that Youth will brave the dark confines
> And wrest from Death his diadem of years."

The war is like a night about his thoughts, but the night is full of stars, and above the roar of the guns he hears the music of the spheres. There are things in "The Undying Splendour" that will give Sergeant Streets an abiding place among those poets the God of Battles has made, and taken away from us.

A SOUGH O' WAR. By Charles Murray. 1s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Charles Murray writes in the Scottish dialect. His volume "Hamewith" has met with much success. And, as a poet, Mr. Murray ranks with the best of those who have taken the war as their theme. He writes as an older man who regrets that he cannot take part in the actual fighting:

> "Ye're better men, ye're baulder men,
> Ye're younger men forby,
> Mair fit, we ken, than aulder men,
> To answer Scotland's cry,

Yet many a chiel that's beld and grey,
And trauchlin' at the ploo,
Would fain fling up his tack the day,
To face the frem't wi' you.
Gey short o' breath, but keen an' teuch,
It's but his birn o' days
That hauds him here by close an' cleuch,
Lythe haughes an' heathery braes."

"Dockens afore his Peers (Exemption Tribunal)" is full of most characteristic Scottish humour, which can, however, be understanded by the Saxon:

"Hoot, Mains, hae mind, I'm doon for you—some sma' thing wi' the bank;
Aul' Larichleys, I saw you throu', an' this is a' my thank;
An' Sutteryloan, that time ye broke, to Dockenhill ye cam—
'Total Exemption!' Thank ye, sirs. Fat say ye till a dram?"

The spirit that characterises this volume is well shown in the following verses:

"It's 'bundle an' go,' an' good-bye to the harrow,
Fareweel to the reaper, the rake an' the ploo,
I'm throu' wi' the spaad, an' the graip an' the barrow,
And naething will ser' me but sodgerin' noo.
Sodgerin' noo.
* * * * *
I've focht wi' the weather, the wark an' the weemen,
Till faith I'm in fettle for facing the foe;
And waukin' or dreamin' I hear the pipes screamin'
'Hie, Jock, are ye ready to bundle an' go?'
Bundle an' go,
Wha bides fan the pipes bid him 'Bundle an' go'?"

WOMEN'S WORK IN WAR TIME. By H. M. Usborne. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

The war has given many opportunities to woman, and woman has risen to the occasion, proving that there are few tasks beyond her scope. Women bus conductors, tram and taxi drivers, window cleaners, farm hands, have already become familiar amongst us, and for the enterprising girl starting out in the world there are many branches of industry to select from which, previous to the war, would have been considered quite outside her sphere. Mrs. Usborne's book supplies a real want in gathering together, in the first part, an extensive list of employments open to women from doctoring to munition making, and giving full particulars regarding the training and wages; and in the second part setting forth a collection of articles by various competent writers. Mrs. Usborne's desire is that women entering the labour market should take up their work seriously and with a full realisation of its value to the country; she points out that short periods of training with a view to earning money immediately, make in the long run for inefficiency and a lower standard of service. The book has an appreciative preface by Lord Northcliffe, and other writers who contribute to its utility and interest are H. J. Crawford, B.A., Dorothy M. Zimmern, M.B., L. Keyser Yates, Gladys Potts, Amy Eleanor Mack, Ruth Young, J. Halford, and S. A. Swift. Mrs. Usborne is to be congratulated on having provided the right book at the right time, and done her work with a thoroughness that leaves no room for criticism.

SIMPLE LYRICS. By H. G. Lang. 2s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The charm of these "Simple Lyrics" is in their spontaneous simplicity. One or two, such as "On the Loss of the *Hampshire*" and "On Hearing the Pipes and Drums," lack that unstudied spontaneity and are not so good; but when Mr. Lang is singing "To Jessie," "Peggy," "To Jenny," "To Annie," or on "Roses," "Her Awakening," or "Her Wedding Morn," he has something of the natural feeling and joyous abandon that are the life of Burns's songs. There is just enough of the Scottish dialect to give colour and character and not enough to raise any difficulties for the mere English reader. Mr. Harry Lauder has written for the book perhaps the shortest preface ever printed, in which he testifies to his enjoyment of it.

OPEN BOATS. By Alfred Noyes. 2s. net. (Blackwood.)

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"There are few story tellers who have surpassed Mr. Hewlett's capacity for painting so realistically and investing the ancient races with such vigour and daring."—*Daily Telegraph.*

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typical cases are reported in the newspapers which also publish the weekly sinkings, but of a very large majority we have no details and nothing to help us to picture what they really mean. It is not surprising therefore if we are unable to realise the sufferings of the victims of this terror. The object of Mr. Noyes' book is to bring home to us the privations endured by the men of our merchant service, and he has retold in simple but telling phrases the stories of a few of those crews who were forced to leave their sinking ships for small "open boats," and endure heavy seas, biting cold and hunger often leagues away from land. Mr. Noyes intersperses his narratives with poems, all which have that graceful easy lilt which is characteristic of their writer. The following is a stanza from "Our Highway":

"The same sun is o'er us,
The same Love shall find us,
The same and none other,
Wherever we be.

"With the same hope before us,
The same home behind us,
England, our mother,
Ringed round with sea."

A YEAR OF WAR, AND OTHER POEMS. By Margot Robin Adamson. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)

The author of this little volume of verse seems, as Tennyson said of Browning, to have plenty of poetry in her but is unable to get it out. This is most apparent in the more ambitious poems in which Miss Adamson has bravely but not altogether wisely essayed the difficulties of the irregular ode. For her, as for many a more practised singer, there is danger in the lure of its fatal facility, and there is still truth in the old Popian maxim that they move easiest who have learned to dance. Miss Adamson's poems in one notable respect differ very widely from those of most beginners. Their thought constantly outruns and evades the writer's expression, and it is just because of this and the high promise it implies that we feel she would be well advised to practise a more rigorous technique and for a time to be ambitious of nothing so much as lucidity. Poets after all, like mere reviewers, must try to impress as well as to express. The longer poems have fine thoughts and some lofty lines, but the things we like best are the simple verses of description such as "Twilight, Loch-an-Eilan" and "Pokey Dubs." The latter is a haunting little picture of desolation:

"The yellow grasses miserable in the fields,
The marks of the sheep's feet deep in the mud,
The wet stones grey with lichen in the walls."

The Tennysonian echoes in this piece of blank verse reveal another source of strength and promise in Miss Adamson's work—its general freshness and independence.

Urbino.

From "A Holiday in Umbria" (John Murray).

A HOLIDAY IN UMBRIA. By Sir T. G. Jackson, Bt. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

The author records in this sumptuous volume the observations and impressions formed during two holidays in a somewhat neglected part of Italy. He claims that it is inferior to none "in historical associations and in beauty of nature and art," and he fairly establishes the claim both by his interesting historical notes and by his scholarly descriptions and charming sketches of some of its architectural glories. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to an entertaining abstract of Castiglione's "Courtier" of which Sir Thomas Jackson writes with a commendable enthusiasm. Hoby's version of this work is one of the glories of sixteenth-century prose, and it is not to be forgotten that the "Courtier" ranks with Machiavelli's "Prince" in its influence in moulding English thought in the Elizabethan era. The literary and artistic qualities of this volume place it high above most of its kind, and its engaging unpretentiousness will blind no one to its lightly carried learning.

UNINSPIRED VERSE. By Hibbart Gilson. 1s. 6d. net. (Westall.)

A title so modest rather disarms criticism, even without the publishers' foreword to inform us that the poems in the book were written before their author had reached his eighteenth year. As might be expected in the work of one so young there is much that is crude and immature, but there is also much that is promising. Mr. Gilson is not imitative; he is at least independent in thought and style, and genuinely strives after self-expression. It would be easy to find fault, but he interests you sufficiently to make you feel you would sooner withhold criticism until a second book shall show what he has learned from these eager, very early experiments.

PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATIONS. By J. Arthur Hill. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Serious and scientific investigations into psychic faculty are in no way to be confused with the squalid subject of fortune-telling of the Bond Street order or the vagaries of the ignorant and credulous hangers-on of Spiritualism. Mr. J. Arthur Hill, who is well known by his previous works on Psychical Research, gives us in the present volume a reasoned study of some of the investigations which have led him to the conclusion that personal survival is a fact "and that something—not everything—may be learned of the surviving spirit's powers and interests and feelings." The book is divided into chapters, dealing with the philosophy of the subject, the cases investigated, and a general consideration of the results, the problems arising out of them, and the larger issues of the subject. Mr. Hill's tests appear to have been painstaking and exhaustive, and to have yielded results not to be explained by fraud, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the sensitives with whom he experimented, or even by that vague explanation, telepathy. The book is a sober and reasoned statement of the case as it presents itself to the author, and is entirely free from those violent assumptions and emotional appeals which have done so much to damage the subject in the eyes of judicious observers.

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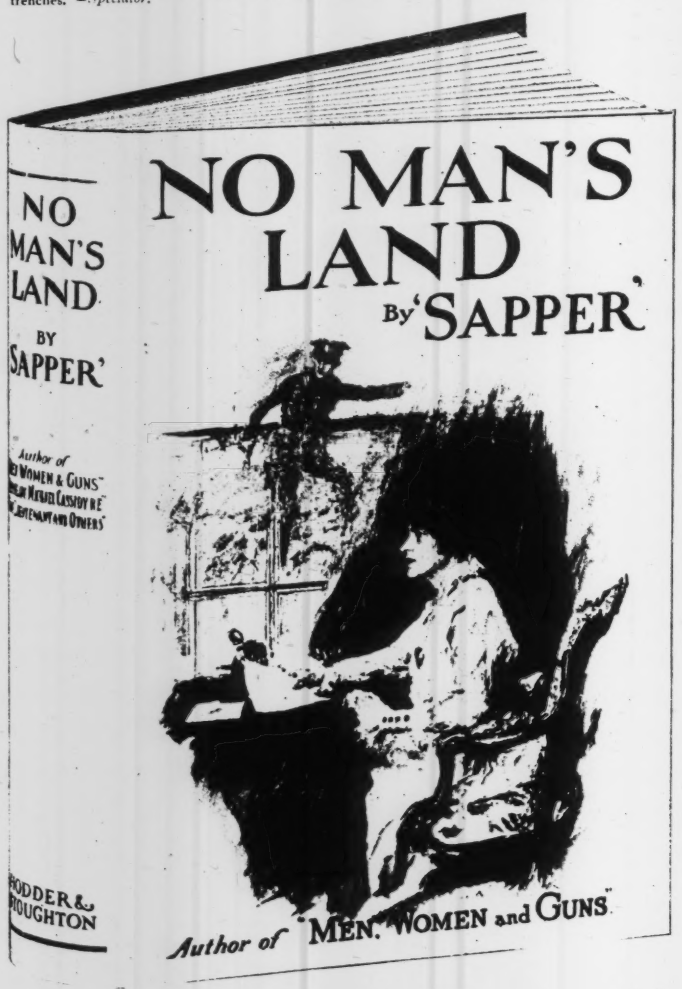
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